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Looking Forward

SIGNS MULTIPLY that the pessimism engendered by the recent stock market break and its consequent effect upon legitimate business, is beginning to be dissipated—and not entirely by the action of the market itself. In fact, unless the unexpected happens, things promise soon to be on a reasonable basis once more.

IT WOULD be a great mistake, nevertheless, in our judgment, if the return to normal conditions should be accelerated in any way by overemphasis on coming booms, or any of the well known methods of whooping up the boosters to proclaim prosperity drives and what not. What is known as high-powered salesmanship—whether of a product or a nation—ends usually by defeating its own object: particularly if that object be a steady general growth, planned over a series of years, and not a bargain sale put on for the purpose of getting rid of old stock.

IT IS our belief that the business men of this country are not children who need to be reassured by Santa Claus about the arrival of Christmas. Their belief—and ours—is well nigh unshakable in the ability of our land and its people to sustain itself and provide all Americans and their families with a highly prosperous material existence. No break in any stock market can change that belief. No prosperity drive is necessary to bolster it up.

IF, HOWEVER, there has been a measure of inflation, if business has been proceeding at a slightly too rapid pace, if recent politics have been responsible for casting a decidedly too rosy glow over affairs, the ordinary man deserves to be informed of the facts in the case. If, from a series of White House conferences there can be ascertained those real facts about our business expansion and the new economics of spending so recently emphasized, every one will welcome them.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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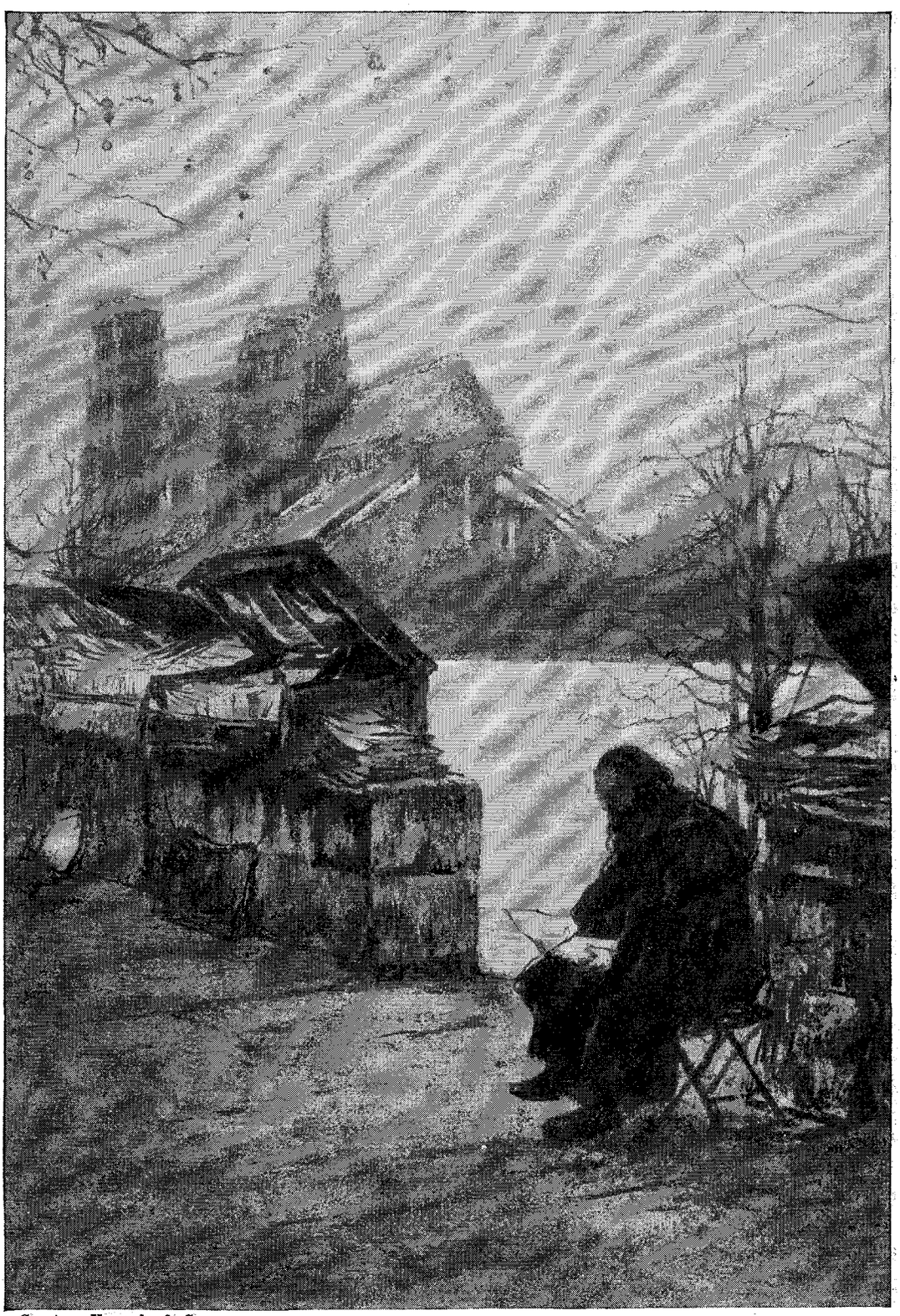

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

BOOKSTALLS ON THE SEINE

An etching by Le Riche

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Outlook

and Independent

November 27, 1929

Opiates for the Masses

By JOHAN SMERTENKO

Any attempt to gauge the spiritual and cultural progress of America must include a study of the mass-production fiction magazines. How are the millions of readers affected by the practice of holding the mirror, not to nature, but to their own Cinderella dreams and impossible wish fulfilments? Mr. Smertenko thinks that the "brazen falsity of the life presented" must stultify their spiritual and intellectual development, and atrophy any impulses toward self improvement

IF THAT hypothetical man from Mars turned his clear-seeing and logical eye on contemporary American writing, he would immediately notice a curious situation. He would find that there are two distinct literatures: the literature of the thousands and the literature of the millions. Stranger still, he would discover that when Americans consider their literature they are concerned only with the first. It is this which critics, scholars, editors and the cultured fraction of the American public discuss volubly and a trifle sadly. They are moved to profound reflections on its aesthetic significance and its subtleties of technique, on its psychic tendencies and social implications. They condemn its failings or offer pedantic formulas for its perfection. They are growing increasingly preoccupied with its ulterior aims and its ultimate character.

But what of the other literature? Novels, essays and short stories appear in magazines which count their circulation in the millions and in newspapers which weekly total more than the population of the United States. If the arbiters and interpreters of our national letters do not deign to notice this vast literary output, is it to be dismissed from consideration as an influence on American life and—even—letters? The discerning Martian may say naïvely that, however fatuous, graceless and specious it is, what the masses read probably affects them more than what they do not read; and what molds the lives and thoughts of the literate millions quite possibly exerts some pressure on the writing which the literary thousands exclusively label literature.

Both conclusions are of course correct. This essay can but amplify them and show how they illustrate the workings of the democratic ideal in literature: what actual changes popular reading matter is effecting in the American masses and how far its pressure is influencing the present character and tendency of American literary work.

Now one of the most perplexing and tragic implications of democracy is that in things of the spirit sauce for the gander is usually thickened and adulterated into a saccharine gravy for the geese. Those who cater to the palate of the masses do not even make an effort to reproduce the substance which appeals to the cultivated taste. They brazenly assume that the aesthetic perversions they offer, which seldom, if ever, approach an imitation of the original, are the identical art forms which the cultured enjoy simply by labelling them as such. Thus the end-rhymes of a syndicated "bard" are called poetry; the flat discords of cinema orchestras and village bands pass for music; calendar lithographs and magazine covers are accepted as art; snappy scenarios have replaced the short story in magazines; and so on through every phase of creative endeavor. By this process the panderers to popular taste achieve a sanction for their wares which is reassuring and flattering to the masses.

Nowhere is this trick exploited as effectively as in the realm of letters and no literary medium has been so thoroughly subjected to mob taste as the short story. It is therefore the best illustration of the democratic influence on literature. Its appeal to the American public has been direct and immediate. Vast increases and decreases in the number of readers of popular magazines have been traced directly to particular types of stories presented, even to individual authors and tales, and editors have frankly set about the problem of attracting mass circulation through this means without regard for any other consideration. There are gradations, of course, in the debasement which various periodicals have reached, but the impression that certain trashy organs have a monopoly on tawdry fiction which respectable editors reject with horror and loathing is wholly erroneous. The truth is that, granting a half-dozen exceptions which still use the short story as a form of literature, not a catch-penny device to attract attention to advertising matter, our magazines consciously pander to the most common tastes of the reading public—positively in that the specific theme of love triumphant which has an extraordinary fascination for our masses is insisted upon as the bulk of reading matter and negatively in that all things which may offend a considerable body of readers, to wit, realism that re-

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veals the weaknesses of group or class, candor that shocks the inhibited prude, reflection and even an extensive vocabulary that tax the arrested intellect of the average man, all these and more are eliminated. Both the taboos that hedge about the short story and the constant repetition of an elementary, standardized theme are the direct result of the expressed will of the great gum-chewing literati.

These sweeping statements demand one modification: namely, that the popular magazines will publish almost anything from the pen of a famous author. Thus the manuscripts of John Galsworthy and May Sinclair, Ellen Glasgow and Joseph Hergesheimer are not subject to the prejudice against original themes nor to the censorship of such opinions as injure the interests of the business office. The reputation and the following of a truly established author weigh sufficiently in his favor to overbalance any defections on the part of the regular readers and thus operate to protect his freedom. But the average contributor of fiction to our magazines, whether the library journals or the newsstand favorites—always bearing in mind the exceptions—must write to measure. He must, above all, avoid the things likely to "hurt circulation;" but he is also pressed to learn and adopt as many characteristics of the popular literateurs as it is in his power to achieve.

PRECISELY what he is asked to do, as well as one of the ways in which he is shunted into the rôle of pander, is strikingly illustrated in the comments of one of the most astute and cultured literary agents of New York. They form the advice given to a young friend of mine who had brought the agent a story which he wanted to sell to the popular magazines because he felt it stretched the long arm of coincidence too far to be acceptable to the few magazines that are not under discussion.

"Your bid for popularity and profits," said this man who knows both his market and his classics, "is innocent and inadequate. A mere coincidence which straightens out the plot and gives each character his just deserts is the veriest beginning of the popular technique. A great many other things must be included and, more important, a great many must be omitted before I'd even think of submitting your story for publication. Most of your dialogue, for instance, is in dialect form and that makes your story almost impossible to begin with. Editors have a tremendous prejudice against dialect; some even go so far as to reject manuscripts, frankly giving that as a reason. They claim that the readers won't have it. It works them too hard, distracts their attention from the action and makes them uncomfortably conscious of their own patois. No beginner and very few accepted authors can 'get away with' very much dialect.

"You have a very fine 'success' idea in your story but you do not make anything of it from the viewpoint of a popular magazine because you have no love story to give point to it. The reward of travail for the man in the street is a satisfied sex life. Besides, you cannot get these magazines interested in short stories without the love element. If you intend to omit romance, write articles; don't waste your time on stories.

"The thing to do with your tale is to cut out the atmosphere, hitch up the success idea with a simple love story, and pad it all out with a good fight somewhere along the middle. But, mainly, cut out the local color you have. Or change the tone of it. Why, man, you are poking fun at the 'rube' all the time! That may be good comedy but it is mighty poor salesmanship. Today the subscription lists are filled with rural addresses; furthermore, it's a rare day when the farmer's wife goes to town and returns without a couple of new magazines. Do you think an editor will risk offending this important part of his reading public? Not much! The rustic is no longer fair game for humorists—hasn't been for ten years—no more than the Christian Scientist or the Jew or the Irishman. They all read the magazines now and most of them seem to be related to the man who controls the largest advertising account.

"Then you must bring your stories up to date. There is no market for a general social tale about things which happened five years before the war. The readers of a popular magazine want to know what is going on today. They get their fashion hints from the illustrations and their 'line of talk' from the dialogue. You must be up with the times as regards your etiquette, your amusements, your famous characters—everything! Unless your story is frankly historical, it must be absolutely contemporary. The immediate past does not interest the class of people that raises circulation into millions.

"If you want to make money writing for the general run of magazines," he concluded, "you can do it, but not by trying to sell artistic stories with a blemish. You must make them to order. When you give the editors what they want, they will gladly pay big sums for it.

"Today there is a demand for young love. If you will work out a sweet love story about adolescents with a little difficulty for the hero and lots of sympathy for the heroine, I'll sell it for you as soon as I can get it into the hands of an editor, especially if there is a little humor in it."

SUCH IS THE alternative offered to our numerous writers; on the one hand, to put the best of their artistic power and vision into work which must compete for the pitifully few pages of our honest magazines; and, on the other, to manufacture "a little difficulty for the hero and lots of sympathy for the heroine" which will be avidly accepted and generously rewarded by the mass of periodicals who are hard put to it to fill the demand for shoddy, Pollyanna themes. The majority of authors do not even hesitate. They quickly learn the current fashions in fiction and easily achieve that combination of romance and adventure, rigid as a window-frame, common as a Ford car, and humorous as the Sunday comic supplement.

As I have stated, the greatest appeal lies in the theme which caters to the unsatisfied eroticism of the masses. There is probably no body of people in the world so inhibited and sex-starved as the lower classes of America in whom the Puritan ideals of old have taken the form of an exaggerated prudery. European and Oriental act upon the folk-wisdom implicit in the tales of Galahad and Cinderella; they recognize that the highest social caste will respond as easily as the lowest to the sex attraction of scullion or scullery maid; they are gallant, whether in drawing-rooms or on street-corners. Americans sullenly suppress every impulse to betray the normal sex urge; they are ashamed and afraid. Small wonder, then, that they crave vicarious expression for their stifled impulses. And in the popular stories, where every virtuous character is uniformly successful in finding a mate who is the popular

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beau ideal, the masses find a divine unction on their lives and a sweet encouragement to their hopes as well as a complete catharsis for their pullulating desires.

The popular magazines are popular because machine-like they supply the voracious appetites of the masses for these false imaginings in the realm of sex. The fact that such stories exert a more vicious influence on the American people than any pornographic treatment of the realities of human relationships could ever achieve is completely overshadowed in editorial eyes by the more obvious fact that they put vast sums of money in the purse. Recent developments in periodical literature indicate that this unwholesome spiritual ailment is fed in increasing doses, crowding everything but the advertising from the pages.

Hennepin News Agency, Minneapolis

The Literature of the Millions

The simplest and most common—in both senses of this word—version of the sex theme may be generically named Awakened Love. A synopsis of the composite tale in this class would introduce Jack Jones, an orphan of presumably ordinary but sound parentage, who is working at a summer resort in Maine and whose duties bring him in contact with Marjorie Fairfax, the vacationing belle of the aristocratic South. Jones immediately shows the unmistakable signs of love and bends his menial tasks to prove it; but Marjorie's deep affection—so deep that she herself does not recognize it till almost the end of the story—is withheld from the astute and alert readers for a thousand words or more and then only indirectly betrayed to their superior understanding. O, will she ever learn? Yes, finally even Marjorie realizes with all the chills and fevers, blushes and pallor, which indicate the loving and diffident heart, that Jack is the only man she can love as true wife. A favorite method of making this known to her is the *double entendre* question, e.g.:

"Are you engaged now?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" she said in a cold, proud tone. Yet something clutched at her heart. She knew she ought to be angry at his impudence but only love welled up within her and she wanted to cry out, "No, thank Heaven!" Trembling she waited for him to continue, clasping her cold, moist hands in anguish.

"If you're not," Jack said in his strong, soft voice, "I can show you the way to the Purple Spring. It's my afternoon off."

They go to the spring and the denouement consists in quickly and yet modestly making Jones realize that her attitude has changed. As you have guessed, they come to an understanding in a scene written with an eye to moving picture royalties.

In its bare form this may seem an extravaganza on the short stories of our time, yet one need but glance at the current issues of any popular periodical to realize how closely it approximates the standard type of brief fiction. The situation outlined above is, of course, reversible; if I am not mistaken, nowadays, the latter is the more popular style. The competitive theme is just as simple and tawdry but it permits many more variations. Here, too, the basic motive is to win a lover—pardon—a helpmate. If the competition for favor is between two men, it usually culminates in a knock-down fight because our sedentary clerks and shop-girls accept very few of the moral equivalents for war; if it is between women, there is a battle of tricks and wiles equally ferocious and less scrupulous. The victory is always with the good.

What, no tragedy?

Yes, indeed. The hero may occasionally marry the cold-hearted spendthrift and flirt, realizing too late that true happiness can only be had with the pining heroine. But the latter is more splendid in a defeat that is really a victory. She will break up no homes. "Think of your children," she murmurs through choking tears when he confesses that his great and ideal love is for her alone; and she leaves husband and wife hand-in-hand at the baby's crib while she goes, virtuous but broken-hearted, out the door.

Of course there are other types of story but they are digressions from the theme of sex; the sports of a pandering author's brain, not the offspring normally desired and produced. They are as definitely constructed to appeal to the mass mind, however, as the other

(Please Turn to Page 516)

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The Battle of the Ports

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

AS ALL STUDENTS of the Treaty of Versailles are aware, one of the most freakish of its creations was the so-called Free City of Dantzig. Divorced from Germany, to which it had belonged for centuries, the ancient seaport of Dantzig, on the shores of the Baltic, was, together with a small strip of surrounding land, erected into a Free State under the special care of the League of Nations. Not only was Dantzig thus separated from Germany but the separation was made even more complete by the interposition, between the Free State and German territory to the westward, of the so-called "Polish Corridor," giving Poland, hitherto an inland country, access to the Baltic.

Ever since the creation of the Free State and the Free City of Dantzig a struggle, none the less serious because it has been without bloodshed, has been going on between the Poles and the Dantzigers. Its latest phase, one that is causing the natives of the ancient city no end of alarm and foreboding, is the progress of the Polish port of Gdynia, founded at their very gates by the Polish government, in the hope that it will eventually supplant, as Poland's main outlet to the sea, the stiff-necked old port whose inhabitants, ever since the Versailles Treaty gave them a new status in the world, have obdurately maintained their Teutonism in the teeth of all attempts to change them into Poles or near-Poles.

Through its geographical situation and the business ability of its people, accustomed for centuries to trade with the Polish hinterland, Dantzig is the logical maritime outlet for Poland. Despite the constant bickering that has characterized the city's relations with the Polish Republic which, like the Free State of Dantzig, arose from the War, Dantzig's trade with Poland is greater now than it was in the pre-war years when the city was merely a German seaport and Poland a country nonexistent except in the dreams of its patriots, divided among, and acknowledging reluctant allegiance to, three masters—Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary. Yet, despite this favorable situation on paper as regards the exports and imports of Dantzig, quarreling between the Free City and Poland eventually got so acrimonious that Poland decided to push to completion its ambitious plans for the creation of a seaport of its own, peopled by Poles, on Polish territory, at which cargoes might be landed and to which freight might be sent without benefiting in any way the hostile burghers of the old Hanseatic City.

Hence Poland, soon after the close of the War, began work on this pet project of having a seaport of its own. A mere ten years ago Gdynia was nothing but a humble fishing village, with scarcely 300 inhabitants. Now it is a full-fledged port, with extensive and steadily-growing harbor facilities, with modern buildings springing up so suddenly as to remind one of the development of one of our western towns, with a population of more than 23,000. Already the Polish government has spent more than $15,000,000 on Gdynia and it is apparently willing to devote far more to making it capable of offering really serious competition to Dantzig.

The number of vessels using Gdynia instead of Dantzig is constantly increasing. It is a commonplace nowadays to see steamships there discharging granite and iron ore from Sweden and mixed cargoes from many other parts of the world, or loading products sent from the interior of Poland along railways running in their entirety on Polish territory—thanks to the Polish Corridor.

Of course the fact that Dantzig has been a busy seaport for centuries and offers facilities for exporters and importers which are as yet unequaled by those of Gdynia still gives the ancient Hanseatic town an advantage over its upstart rival. But there is no denying—nor do the Dantzigers deny it—that, in the long run, Gdynia is bound to be the toughest sort of a problem. Indeed, there are some pessimists who foresee utter ruin for Dantzig if things develop along present lines—if the irreconcilable nature of the rivalry between Poland and Dantzig should throw all Poland's sympathies toward the new seaport.

When the Dantzigers protest to Poland that too much Polish protection of Gdynia is ungenerous, and that she should seek a *modus vivendi* with Dantzig rather than continue fostering a port of her own, the Poles retort reassuringly that Poland is sure to be so prosperous in the years to come that she will need both Dantzig and Gdynia as outlets and bring to both of them all the business that they can handle. Such arguments, however, do not suffice to calm the forebodings of Dantzig pessimists.

They cannot help remembering that, whereas the Free State of Dantzig has a population of some 400,000, Poland has 30,000,000, most of them filled with intense patriotism, eager for the expansion of their country and its increasing importance among the nations of the world, sure to look with delight on Gdynia's progress and with a corresponding disapproval on any steps that Dantzig may take—either with or without co-operation on the part of the Polish government—to maintain her maritime supremacy at the expense of her youthful rival. No matter what way she turns, Dantzig can see little hope. From Germany, caught in the net of reparations payments, struggling with might and main to keep her head above water, Dantzig can expect little except sympathy. And from the League of Nations? Well, the League has so little actual authority even if it had a particular sympathy for Dantzig—which it has not—that it cannot do much to check the progress of Gdynia and postpone the decline of the older city.

Poland is far stronger in League councils than the Free State. When all is said and done, Dantzig, in the War, was a part of Germany and its citizens battled hard to bring victory to the Central Powers. So they can hardly expect as yet the same degree of favor at Geneva, where the Allied Powers are so influential, as falls to the Polish Republic, which was sponsored into existence by those Powers, and has enjoyed their protection ever since it took its place on the list of the world's independent nations.

So the Dantzigers shake their heads gloomily and nervously scan the export and import statistics of their harbor and sadly wonder whether hated Gdynia is indeed destined to supersede their proud old port, despite its centuries of achievement and tradition.

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As Dr. Wilson Sees It

An Interview with the Dry Leader

By RAY T. TUCKER

What does a dry leader think of the result of ten years of prohibition? How does he deal with the facts? In an attempt to get some light on these questions, the Editors asked Mr. Tucker, a Washington correspondent, to interview Dr. Wilson, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and spiritual heir of the late Wayne B. Wheeler

QUESTION—Has the ten-year record of prohibition met your expectations?

Answer—The ten-year record of prohibition has not met expectations. But our disappointment is not with prohibition as a theory, or even with the government's shortcomings in its administration. It is with the attitude of those men and women in responsible positions of leadership who are themselves wet in sentiment, and who make use of agencies of influence so as to cause uninformed and thoughtless people to violate the law.

In my opinion, if the people had been let alone, if they had not been incited against prohibition, if the policy had not been misrepresented as to purpose and operation, it would have been generally accepted in a spirit of sportsmanship and in the belief that, having tried every other way of dealing with the liquor traffic, the nation now has the right to try the drastic method of prohibition.

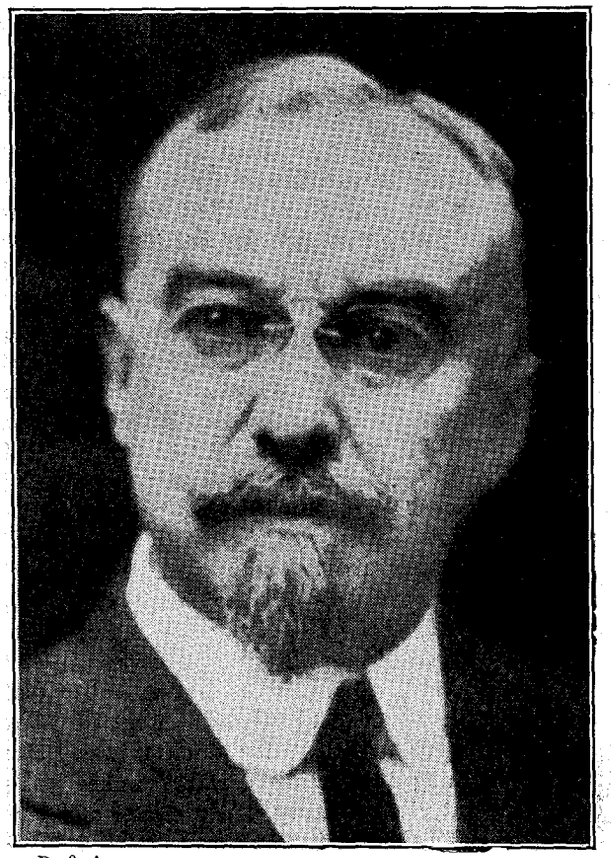
While I am not in sympathy with the wholesale condemnation of the press, there is not the slightest doubt that the methods used by certain great metropolitan newspapers as well as by wet organizations, have directly caused criminal violations of the law and have produced most of the serious problems of enforcement.

Q—What do you think of enforcement conditions now?

A—They are better than they have ever been before. The intelligent policies of Dr. Doran, head of the prohibition unit, a man experienced in the government service and thoroughly familiar with all the technical problems arising out of the permissive features of the Prohibition Act, together with a decided improvement in personnel, are responsible.

The Coast Guard has dealt effectively with liquor smuggling off the upper Atlantic Coast and the problem in Florida is not so perplexing as it was. Quite a bit of liquor still reaches the West Coast from Europe, particularly from Belgium. The customs border patrol has been handicapped in solving its particular problems by wet propaganda directed against them every time an unfortunate incident occurred in their attempt to restrain the vicious characters who run liquor from Canada.

The United States has tried to simplify its northern border problem by international agreement, for which there is precedent in the understandings with Great Britain and other countries, but the Canadian government, which at the present moment is profiteering in drink, has consistently refused a decent co-operation. This despite the fact that overwhelming majority opinion in Canada favors it.



P. & A.

Dr. Clarence True Wilson

In saying that enforcement has improved, it is not desired to overlook certain parts of the country and certain states where federal enforcement is not in a satisfactory condition, where the unsatisfactory situation, it is to be feared, is due directly to the compelling influence of politics. Political interference, however, is less than in former years.

It is also not desired to overlook the fact that in many localities where federal enforcement may be called fairly satisfactory, as in Chicago, there is still a great deal of liquor sold. But we must distinguish between efficient administration of purely federal functions and the neglect of wet states or communities to co-operate with their own police and courts in carrying out the detail police work which is clearly the local province, and which these corporate bodies are under a moral, constitutional obligation to carry out. Nothing is more certain than that prohibition enforcement will steadily improve until it approximates a satisfactory condition even to present doubters.

Q—What do you think of the policies, attitudes and accomplishments of the various Presidents—Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover?

A—We have every reason to believe that Mr. Hoover's Administration will afford the prohibition law a fairer chance than it has had. Mr. Hoover was elected on a dry issue, and I feel safe in saying that whether or not others know it, he knows it.

His personal influence in Washington since he took office has been exerted to uphold the prestige of the law. It has resulted in real improvement at the National Capital. While he still seems to be feeling his way and awaiting full information, there are other indications that he will not be long delayed in taking what he conceives to be effective measures for improved administration of the law.

President Wilson, as every one knows, vetoed the Volstead Act

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The Dangers of a Continental Sunday in 1871

because, the war having ended, he did not believe that provision of the enforcement act which related to war prohibition should be enacted. He was absorbed in his passion for the League of Nations, and his advice was miserably bad, for which the prohibitionists themselves may, perhaps, take some blame.

President Harding, in many ways the most likeable man to occupy the White House in recent years, became a total abstainer after he became Chief Executive, but this action came too late to save the influence of his Administration, while prohibition enforcement suffered, as did every other function of the government, through the character of the associates he brought to the Capital.

Mr. Coolidge was personally dry, clean and able, but he was not aggressive, and the situation called for an aggressive leadership which he was not the type to supply.

Q—Is the cost of prohibition justified?

A—Merely as a material policy, prohibition has been marvelously justified by our experience. The enforcement cost has, after all, been trifling. The complaint that the government has lost taxes ignores the fact that those taxes came out of the pockets of many consumers who could ill afford the direct drain on their resources. Our study of prohibition reveals the astounding fact that every healthy interest and activity has been accentuated since 1920, despite the fact that the close of the war led us to look for a slump.

The use of household conveniences—washing machines, vacuum cleaners and other electrical appliances—has increased tremendously. It was phenomenal after prohibition. The diet of the American people has been improved by the new and widespread use of winter vegetables and fruits. Childhood has benefited by the increased consumption of milk and butter.

The use of machinery, automobiles, tractors and labor-saving devices has speeded up industry. Accumulations of capital available for legitimate manufacturers have directly contributed to raising the general standard of living. The billions of dollars formerly spent in saloons have been flowing year by year into channels of legitimate trade, and all commerce has been stimulated.

These are some of the fruits and financial gains. The faulty thinking of many people opposed to prohibition is due to the fact that they have no conception whatever of the vast extent of the liquor traffic. They think it was something incidental—a rather unimportant vice or luxury. As a matter of fact and figures, it was a consumer of the margins essential to prosperity.

Q—Is more money needed for enforcement? (Approximately $50,000,000 was the appropriation for the 1930 fiscal year for all enforcement units.)

A—Yes. More is needed not only by the prohibition unit, but by the Department of Justice, the Coast Guard and the custom border patrol. I am inclined to believe that a fifty per cent increase in the appropriation and in the force would do all that is necessary to secure reasonable federal enforcement. The major part of the task, of course, should be assumed as incidental to other duties by the local and state police.

Q—What is the greatest obstacle to proper enforcement?

A—Unfair agitation against it. It is this which is keeping the situation in a constant turmoil. The dry laws should be accepted and respected as any other laws. But the people, in my opinion, are awakening to the existence of this dangerous propaganda, and there is to-day a strong reaction against propaganda designed to intimidate the government and the church.

Q—Can political influence in affecting appointments, delaying or fixing prosecution and winking at violation by friends or political favorites be eliminated?

A—Political influence in appointments and otherwise can never be completely eliminated. It is a factor in all administration of government, Civil Service or no Civil Service. If the prohibition law were perfectly administered, it would be the first example of government perfection.

Q—Do you think that continued activity by organized prohibition bodies, such as your board, the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is necessary and justified?

A—Our board is primarily an educational institution, although many wets attack it as a lobby or a free lance in politics. It is astonishing how much the facts differ from their picture. We are primarily engaged in the education of our own young people in the principles of temperance, in presenting the Methodist viewpoint on the proper attitude Christian people should take toward the attempted licensing of commercialized efforts to debauch the people. Our activities must, of course, continue indefinitely.

The W. C. T. U. carries on many similar activities. It is also justified

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in resisting movements to break down a reform so close and so dear to the hearts of most of the women of the nation.

With opponents of prohibition assailing the state enforcement acts, attempting to pack the federal bench and enforcement offices with enemies of the law and to corrupt legislation, the Anti-Saloon League is certainly needed in order that its legislative experience and knowledge of practical politics may be used to defend the constitutional amendment.

Q—Specifically, what should these groups strive for now? What is the drys' present objective?

A—As somebody has said, we have the law but we have not yet won individual behavior. It is necessary to fix the law in the affections and the convictions of the people, to show them its reasonable character, to answer the charges against it, and, particularly, to inform the young people who have come upon the scene since the passing of the saloon.

Q—Are the drys letting up in activity or increasing their efforts? Do you find that many prohibitionists take the view that enactment alone brought the millennium?

A—For a while the decrease in the activity of many prohibitionists was greatly to be deplored. For some years after prohibition many of our best people were apathetic. They said: "We have passed the law. It is now the government's duty to enforce it. We ought not to be bothered about it any more." Or they said: "Well, conditions are pretty bad, but much better than they used to be. Why worry? The government always bungles any job, and I suppose we are getting as good service as we can expect."

But the 1928 campaign, when the dry people were really aroused, changed this state of mind considerably. Today we find, in our church particularly, that there is an insistent demand for old-fashioned educational methods in support of prohibition enforcement.

Q—Do you believe that prohibition, as maintained by many social and economic students, has promoted crime, disregard for law, juvenile drinking and degeneracy?

A—The prohibition law has not been the cause of crime, except that it added an offense. On the contrary, all the federal figures show conclusively that it has decreased crime. Criminal statistics in the United States are much less reliable than in Europe, but there is no information in the federal government's possession to justify any honest student in saying prohibition has increased crime, or, for that matter, that it has not led to a decrease.

This is particularly true of juvenile delinquency. The Children's Bureau of the Labor Department informs us that it is undeniably less than before prohibition.

As for disregard of law, if it be more general than before, it is due to the fact that there is a great deal of preachment today in favor of law defiance, and this takes the form of suggestion as well as direct presentation. As for our young people, it is best to accept the opinion of those closest to them. The majority of editors of student publications, the majority of college presidents, the majority of college deans—all have testified to the good effect of the prohibition law in lessening drinking among college men and promoting order.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME
Prohibition Propaganda in 1853

Q—How can the enforcement problem in such wet centers as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans and San Francisco be met?

A—It will never be satisfactorily met. What problem have these cities ever met? We all know their records for graft and waste and inefficiency. We have no doubt they will always fall just as far short in prohibition enforcement as in the solution of any other civic problem.

But we are inclined to believe the day will come when the prohibition law will be enforced as successfully in those cities as any other law, and that by the local police for the simple reason that the people will awaken to the realization that anything but a fair degree of enforcement is intolerable. If the police of New York City were told that the prohibition law must be enforced, seventy-five per cent of present violations would stop inside of twenty-four hours—and that without ever coming into court.

Q—You apparently anticipate a growth of public sentiment in favor of stricter enforcement. What warrants that optimism?

A—Yes, we do expect an improved public sentiment. We are justified in believing that almost three-fourths of the people believe in prohibition. This is indicated by the Congressional elections, which have steadily returned an increasing dry majority. It approxi-

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Why We Need Lobbies

By E. PENDLETON HERRING

Lobbyists have been getting black marks lately, some of them deserved. Yet the lobby, in most cases, is simply an acknowledgment that "our government, based upon geographical representation, ignores the strong allegiance of the laborer to his union, the reformer to his church, and the business man to his trade organizations." For that reason, the author concludes, it is idle to expect that they will be greatly affected by investigations. Mr. Herring is an instructor in the Department of Government at Harvard

THE SENATE LOBBY investigation proceeds apace. Judging from the personnel of the committee and the vigor with which they are pursuing their inquiry, it promises to be the most thorough examination of the invisible government that has ever been undertaken. Certainly the lobbyists seem to be in for it again.

"I'd like to see every one of them chased out of Washington," the now too well known Mr. Shearer opined at the beginning of the inquisition. "And wouldn't it be the deserted village then." He is reported to have roared with laughter at the mere thought. His reaction is but one of the emotional attacks that the mere mention of the lobby seems to evoke.

The gamut from pious amazement to righteous indignation and fearful forebodings to thundering vituperation has been run by the current inquiry. Still the lobby continues on its way undisturbed by the periodical paroxysms of critics and Senatorial probings into its activities. The question is suggested whether any investigation, however thorough, can make Washington a city free of lobbyists. Is it to be expected that the present one will have an effect more lasting than those of the past?

There have been several major investigations in the past and other milder minor inquiries. There was a notable lobby cleaning in 1913. The hearings fill eight fat volumes. The present Senate committee will doubtless add even a heavier mass of data to the literature on the subject. But the lobby itself will not be adversely affected one whit thereby. It is sustained by popular support. There is a wide spread faith in its efficacy; there is belief in its indispensableness.

The reader upon taking thought may find that he is a member of at least one —perhaps of several organizations that operate as a lobby at one time or another. Practically every business and profession has its national association and most of these organizations approach Congress from time to time, either urging or fighting legislation with which their interests are concerned. If the membership of the various reform, patriotic, social, business, pacifist, and religious associations is taken into account it will be seen that thousands upon thousands of individuals are represented many times over.

To what extent does an average man aid and abet the lobbies at Washington? A business man, for example, through membership in his trade association helps support the tariff lobby, for it is a rare business indeed that has not taken some stand with regard to "protection." Through affiliation with his local Chamber of Commerce he may support the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. A., one of the strongest lobbies in the capitol. In a similar way by membership in his local church he may lend his backing to the Federal Council of Churches. Here again he is part of one of the most active of Washington lobbies. As a member of a post of the American Legion he adds his bit toward making the Legion lobby a powerful organ for persuasion. His wife may participate in the work of the women's lobby through her membership in any one of several of the branches of national women's organizations in her community.

Depending upon their predilections as joiners husband and wife may both add several times to their influence as mere voters by joining with a group concerned with a special interest. Where they feel in need of special representation they contribute a few dollars a year to support a voluntary association that presents their more direct and personal views to the public and to Congress. They may be wrong. They may be deceived. They may be "suckers" in a fake organization. There are many such. But this is not the point. Thousands of persons are convinced that the formal machinery of political representation is inadequate. Congress, it is thought, must be supplemented. Resort is made to the lobby.

A glance at the present day situation in the capital is enough to convince the observer that this is the case. The citizen has not been content to submit to the system of representation that treats him merely as the member of some congressional district or some locality. The result of this feeling is to be seen by any one who cares to open a Washington telephone directory. Therein is demonstrated the fact that the citizen believes he has interests other than those bounded by his neighborhood. The existence of over five hundred organizations, whose purpose is to keep in contact with the government and present their views to Congress, is evidence of the number and variety of those that regard the traditional political legislature as insufficiently representative.

They are the new lobby: national associations exerting pressure through propaganda, publicity and organized, directed opinion. A subtle distinction, however, is usually made between the "good lobbies," that advocate measures with which one agrees and the "bad lobbies" that are so self-seeking and benighted as to take the contrary point of view. Good or bad, honest or corrupt, they are in the capital because thousands of citizens want them there.

With a vast number of the population taking this general attitude toward lobby representation, it is not surprising to find the investigated lobbyists admitting frankly that their purpose in Washington is to act as the spokesmen of their groups before the Federal government. At the same time it is only fair to note that these lobbyists may be leaders and manipulators rather than agents. They may distort the views of the membership. They may threaten Congressmen from basely selfish motives. There is almost no way in which to supervise their activities or check the effectiveness of their work. Often their methods are reprehensible; more often they are not. With the exception of Senator Bingham's connivance with the Connecticut manufacturers the Senate investigation has not uncovered much dark-dealing. It has, however, drawn attention to the more fundamental question of adequate representation. Shall the basis be geographic or func-

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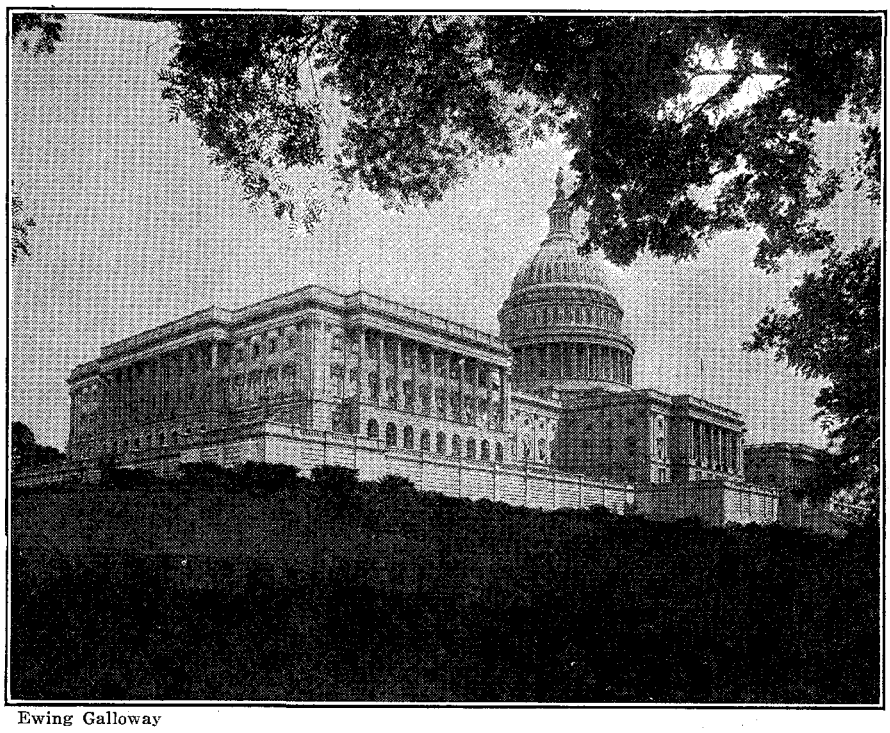
tional; according to congressional district or economic interests?

The investigation indicates a spontaneous choice of the latter. The manufacturers along with thousands of others have selected the lobby method. "This class of work is worth everything it costs" is the manner in which one of the investigated put the matter. It costs millions in the aggregate, millions that are contributed voluntarily in the cause of self-interest. Accordingly it has all the vices and dangers of selfishness—and all the strength. It is a force that Congress may well reckon with carefully and perhaps legally.

Individual members of Congress can not ignore the influence of lobbying groups. On occasion a Congressman may cry out against the lobbies that happen to be opposing the legislation which he is supporting. At the same time the identical Congressman is using the proferred aid of another lobby group in forwarding his cause. Or again the "machinations of an insidious lobby" may be cited by a Congressman in order that he may appear as the champion of the "people" against the "interests."



Ewing Galloway

It appears, however, that the lobbyists are not content to remain upon the defensive. Mr. Joseph R. Grundy, at least, has not hesitated to give his views of the existing system of representation. He was not ready to suggest a reorganization but he was emphatic in his belief that Senators from states having little stake in the tariff should refrain from active participation in schedule making. Those having a direct economic concern should do the talking. Mr. Grundy recommended silence to the "backwoods Senators" and offered to do the talking himself. He advised governmental consultation with the tariff beneficiaries. While the extreme position taken by Mr. Grundy has been the sensation of the investigation it has not taken his statement to indicate the general feeling on the part of private parties that the representative function of Congress needs supplementing.

A lobby investigation can accomplish almost nothing if its object be the eradication of the so-called third House of Congress. It may accomplish a great deal in exposing and discouraging the use of corrupt methods in influencing legislation. By making examples of a few lobbies it may put a salutary fear in the remainder. The effect, however, is temporary at best. The pressure of self-interest is insecurely checked by mere ethical scruples. Besides no code of ethics exists as an agreed standard of behavior. An occasional purging by the Senate has dubious medicinal effects. The importance of the lobby investigation does not lie in the amount of skullduggery exposed.

Its significance lies rather in the extent to which it demonstrates the ever-increasing part that economic factors are coming to play in government. It shows that as government penetrates into the realms of business and undertakes a greater degree of social control over the life of the individual it throws too great a load on our eighteenth century model of a territorial legislative body. The findings of the investigating committee become an exposé of the inadequacy of Congress in just about equal proportion to their display of the tariff lobby activities.

The lobbies have been the target long enough. Why not go behind the superficial factors? The lobbies at the capital are but one manifestation of the shift in social importance from the individual to the group. The "man in the street" has long since become lost in the crowd. The emphasis today is upon the economic unit and the social group, Our government, based upon geographical representation, ignores the strong allegiance of the laborer to his union, the reformer to his church and the business man to his trade organization. The lobby on the other hand attempts to stand for this relationship. It is but the imperfect instrument of a rudimentary form of functional representation that has grown up to supplement representation by district and state. As a bit of governmental mechanics it is more misunderstood than mischievous.

Because the lobby has had a dubious past is insufficient cause for condemning outright the Washington activities of organized groups. President Hoover has been one to recognize the part that these groups may legitimately take in government. His request to the organized farmers for advice before making his appointments to the Farm Board constituted an acknowledgment of the right of agricultural associations to be consulted when their welfare is affected.

At this time when lobbying associations are under fire it is interesting to recall the words of President Hoover's campaign speech at St. Louis:

"We have in the past quarter of a century evolved a higher sense of organized co-operation than has ever been known before. We have ten thousand examples of this co-operative development in the enormous growth of associational activities. Civic associations, chambers of commerce, trade associations, professional associations, labor unions, trade councils, farm organizations, farm co-operative welfare associations—these are so all-embracing that there is scarcely an individual in our country who does not belong to one or more of them.

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The Trend of Events

Prophet

SEPTEMBER 5, 1929—Professor Irving Fisher asserted that stock prices were not too high and predicted that there would be no crash on Wall Street. Declared that "there may be a recession of stock prices, but not anything in the nature of a crash," and that "Dividend returns on stocks are moving higher. This is not due to receding prices for stocks and will not be hastened by any 'anticipated' crash, the possibility of which I fail to see. Dividend returns are increasing due to rapidly increasing earnings."

October 21, 1929—Professor Fisher found that the market had not been inflated, but only readjusted according to the decreasing value of the dollar and the changed tempo of production and trade. Dismissed the previous day's break as a "shaking out of the lunatic fringe that attempts to speculate on margin." Advanced his opinion that "current predictions of heavy reaction affecting the general level of securities find little if any foundation in fact."

October 23, 1929—Professor Fisher discovered that "public speculative mania" was the least important reason for the long-continued upward movement of stocks. Said he did not see how a collapse of 60 to 80 points on the Dow-Jones barometer could be expected, unless it was accomplished by shakedowns running from five to twelve per cent, followed by recovery. (The Dow-Jones barometer at one time during the crash showed a decline of 48 per cent, or an average of 181 points.)

Those who desire further predictions from Professor Fisher should send their communications to his home in New Haven, where he still lives. There is no truth in the rumor that Professor Fisher has fled to Little America.

Mid-November Market

A VARIETY OF FACTORS made the period of November 13-16, inclusive, one of livelier hope in Wall Street. Evening papers of Wednesday, the thirteenth, wove promising news into their long-familiar "stocks-at-new-lows" announcements. Though certain of the blue chips looked bluer than ever that day, other stocks chirked up. Twenty-one closed with gains. Just as trading ended, a movement to peg pivotal stocks was indicated by a $50 bid for a million shares of Standard Oil of New Jersey. From Washington came a promise of a flat one per cent reduction in corporation and personal income taxes, hailed as a stimulus to, and an expression of confidence in, American business. The Stock Exchange, moreover, launched a survey with the apparent object of taming rampant bears.

Wide World

NOT QUITE RIGHT

Professor Irving Fisher goes astray in predicting course of the market

On the following day, the market took a decided turn for the better, well suggested by the 8½-point upward leap of United States Steel common, that bellwether. Aiding the convalescence came the news that brokers' loans had dropped $710,000,000 in the week ending on Wednesday; that the New York Federal Reserve Bank, making its second reduction in two weeks, had lowered its rediscount rate from 5 to 4½ per cent; that General Motors had declared an extra dividend of thirty cents a share, and that the Bethlehem and the United States Steel Corporations had settled their differences over patent infringements out of court.

On Friday the bellwether strode up 4¼ points to 164¼, and appeared to be tethered **in that neighborhood** when a standing order was placed for 200,000 shares at $150. The banking group, strengthened by the addition of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., promised to continue keeping an eye on the market. Furthermore, President Hoover announced his plan to co-ordinate business and Governmental agencies "in concerted action for continued business progress," declared that "Any lack of confidence in the economic future or the basic strength of business in the United States is foolish," and summoned conferences of Cabinet officers and industrial, agricultural, and labor leaders to push business forward, notably through reviving construction activities and stimulating exports. To cap all, Roger W. Babson, whose repeated bear predictions had at last been fulfilled, unslung his telescope Saturday and saw another boom nosing over the horizon.

These and other developments occurred in four days. Small wonder, then, that Wall Street prophets emerged from their holes with cheery forecasts. One hopes, one so ardently hopes, that they may not look silly by the time this appears in print.

How to Travel Incognito

A FRAIL AND FAMOUS LADY, having paid America an unobtrusive visit, has returned home again. Madame Marie Curie was in this country long enough to receive a gift of $50,000 for the purchase of a gram of radium for the Institute of Warsaw, to participate in the Edison celebration and the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cancer, to visit President Hoover, and to renew acquaintance with a few good friends.

Because of her delicate health, Madame Curie, always shy, shrank more than ever from publicity and public demonstration. Chance was kind to her, giving her better means of arriving and departing inconspicuously than if she had chosen to travel in disguise.

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She left France and arrived in New York on a liner with Maurice Chevalier. Amid the uproar of farewell to the vaudeville and motion picture hero, the French hardly noticed the departing scientist. She returned to Paris, to find the Gare St. Lazare alight with flares and the crowds once more cheering wildly. Pola Negri was among the passengers. If any one had noticed Madame Curie in the background probably he could not have thought, in the excitement of the moment, what it was she was famous for anyway. But Pola Negri—ah, that's something else again. Every one knows what Pola's famous for.

▶▶Thomas Mann

To know the private life of Thomas Mann, winner of the Nobel Prize in literature, it is only necessary to imagine the private life of a gay Bohemian rakehell and then to imagine its exact opposite. As quietly as a human being can, he lives in a suburb of Munich; his home crowns a bank of the River Isar. He is devoted to his wife, his three daughters, and his three sons. He enjoys lolling about on hot bathing beaches, and is capable of drafting a novelette while doing so. He is fond of dogs, and particularly of Bashan—"bastard setter, male"—with whom he strolls through neighboring parks at noontime and before breakfast, and who meets him ecstatically at the tram stop when he returns from social evenings in the city. He likes to work uninterruptedly in his study, where he forms the fine characters of the handwriting which presents some of the finest literature of our time.

The history of Mann's family is, essentially, the history of the family in *Buddenbrooks,* that towering saga which, published when Mann was twenty-six, went through fifty editions in a decade and is still going strong. Hanno Buddenbrook, last of a solid middle-class line, is, substantially, the author's portrait of himself in childhood. Mann insists that he regards himself not primarily as an artist, but as a good bourgeois strayed into art by chance. The nature of the artist as against that of the bourgeois is to him a fascinating theme; he returns to it again and again.

He was born in 1875 in Lübeck, North Germany. Dull enough as a pupil, he nevertheless, while still in school, wrote the bulk of a publication bravely entitled, *Journal of Art, Literature, and Philosophy.* At the age of nineteen, after the death of his father, he accompanied his mother to Munich, but balked at learning the fire-insurance business. Covertly, he created literature when he should have been pondering risks. Then came recognition, and he seized his pen and fled.

Of a steadily thoughtful turn of mind—a straw between Bashan's toes reminds him of a stage portrayal of Count Moor in Schiller's *Robbers*—he takes himself with quiet seriousness. Of his books *Buddenbrooks, Royal Highness, Death in Venice, Children and Fools, The Magic Mountain, Bashan and I* and *Three Essays* have been translated into English. They reveal an incisive, disciplined, scholarly mind. Yet they are not cold; they glow with warmth and color. In an era of slap-dash fiction writing, Mann has the courage to be, not only profound, but thoroughgoing. "We do not fear being called meticulous," he says, "inclining as we do to the view that only the exhaustive can be truly interesting."

E. O. Hoppe

WINNER
Nobel Prize in Literature awarded to Thomas Mann of Germany

▶▶On the Anvil of Debate

Aside from Germany and Austria, President Hoover's international audience was either icily polite or bluntly hostile to his suggestion that food ships be free from interference in wartime. Memories of empty plates influenced the reaction in Germany. So, too, in Austria; its youth still carries marks of the wartime famine.

Favorable public sentiment may yet appear in foreign-fed Britain, which might gain more by a guarantee of hearty meals than it would lose by receding from its stand for the right to meddle with neutral commerce capable of aiding the enemy. Just now, however, the principal feeling of the British press appears to be delight that the question will not be raised at the forthcoming naval conference. Awaiting its master's voice, the Italian press yawns the subject away. French newspapers unanimously attack it, even the Communist *Humanité,* which scents a plot by Chicago pork-packers. All this is easily explained. Though French submarines are a threat to incoming British food supplies, France herself can dine fairly well at home.

Objections to the Hoover proposal are both numerous and convincing. It is argued that it would prolong rather than shorten, and stimulate rather than discourage, war, since, sure of being fed, a potential aggressor would be the quicker to take up arms and the slower to put them down. Confining food shipments to civilian populations would be difficult. Even if it could be done, the soldiers would profit by use of supplies which otherwise would have gone to non-combatants. However plainly labelled, moreover, food ships would still be searched, and it would thus be necessary to maintain warships with which to search them.

It is declared, furthermore, that the scheme runs counter to the League Covenant's provision for economic blockades against aggressors, and that the United States might better assist such moves against violators of the Covenant and the Kellogg treaty than seek to emasculate them. Then there is always the suspicion that the Hoover plan, simply another rule of war, would be scuttled when the fighting grew hot. Again, it is held impossible for the President or any one else to humanize warfare in these days of poison gas, Graf Zeppelins, Dornier planes, and Big Berthas, and that, indeed, it might be more humane to quash an aggressor by blockade than by force of arms. One objection promises to become a catchword. It is that if the Hoover plan had been in effect during the World War Germany might have won.

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Placed on what Mr. Hoover calls "the anvil of debate," his suggestion has been violently hammered. If discussions of this kind continue, it may soon be smashed to bits.

▶▶Science of the Month

A NEW BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB has been formed, scientific this time. It is to furnish its members with the most significant and authoritative of the new books in the scientific field. Under the chairmanship of Dr. Kirtley F. Mather of Harvard, and advised by such men as Dr. Edwin G. Conklin of Princeton, Dr. Isaiah Bowman of the National Geographical Society, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of Smithsonian Institute, and Dr. Robert A. Millikan of California Institute of Technology, an editorial board will determine what books may most profitably be read by the lay person eager to keep abreast of the scientific times.

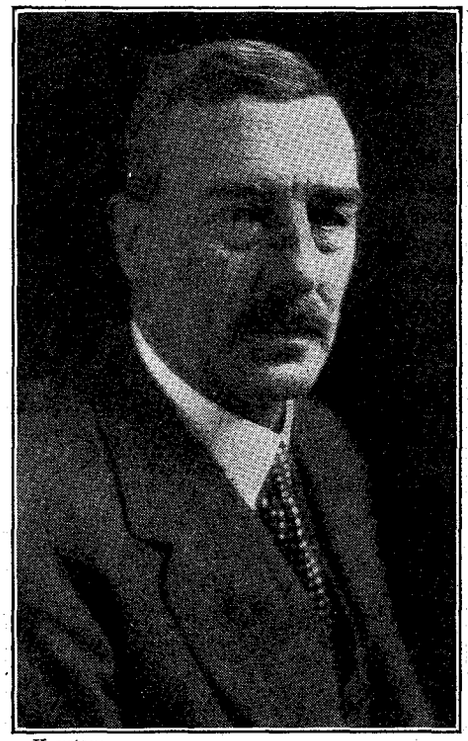
This seems an excellent province for the of-the-month idea. Since science has taken off its spectacles and come out of the classroom, it finds its place more and more readily on the average living-room table. So readily, in fact, that it frequently puts on cap and bells, and the danger is that well-meaning people who up until now have taken no part in the scientific conversation may clutter up their minds and bookshelves with best-selling quackery. Nearly everyone, save specialists, can do with expert advice and guidance in this realm. The names on the new club's list of sponsors indicate that its subscribers, will have some of the best advice available.

Though the editorial committee, following the practice of most other book clubs, is apparently to confine its selections to new books, it occurs to us that this, or a supplementary club, might do a paying business in reprints. A great many standard scientific works, would make solid and intelligible additions to the inquiring person's library—and, sad to say, the average inquiring person has never even heard of them.

▶▶Sir Ronald

IN SIR RONALD LINDSAY Great Britain sends us one of her most distinguished diplomats. In the service since 1898, he has twice been attached to the Embassy at the Capital. Recently he has been Ambassador to Berlin and Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In the latter post he was head of the Foreign Office and of the American section.

Premier MacDonald has picked a man who knows world politics. The appointment seems to show a deliberate re-orientation of British foreign policy, indicating a desire for a closer accord with America. Other evidence supports this view. Sir Ronald's place at London will be filled by Sir Robert Vansittart, who has been first secretary to both Baldwin and MacDonald.



Keystone

BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Sir Ronald Lindsay succeeds Sir Esme Howard at Washington

The Sir Ronald-Sir Robert team should insure sympathetic understanding of American problems.

Sir Ronald first saw us in 1907-08 when, under Roosevelt, we were becoming self-conscious and slightly vainglorious at home and abroad. He then worked under so illustrious an instructor as Lord Bryce. He saw us again when, having engaged in a World War, we refused to join Europe's agency for peace, the League of Nations. Meeting individuals of all shades of opinion during those days, he should know something of the whys and wherefores. If he was able to appreciate the forces which moved the United States in these eras, he comes better equipped than many of his predecessors.

Fifty-two years old, he is a bony, brawny Scot, more than six feet tall. Diplomacy has been his life pursuit. Though he entered it as a career man rather than a political or literary lion, his have not been mere bureaucratic assignments. He has held outstanding posts, notably at Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, and The Hague, under both Liberal and Conservative Premiers. His survival in the face of the fact that he is not a hard-and-fast party man speaks well for his ability.

Twice married, in each case he married an American. His first wife was Martha Cameron, daughter of Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania. His present wife was Elizabeth Sherman Hoyt, daughter of Colgate Hoyt of New York.

▶▶The Marion Cases

THE TRIALS IN THE McDowell County Courthouse at Marion, North Carolina, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, are the outgrowth of disturbances ollowing the attempt of the United Textile Workers, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, to organize the mills at East Marion and Clinchfield.

Of the seven trials, involving 125 defendants, two are outstanding. One is the resumed case against Alfred Hoffman, labor organizer, and four others charged with rioting and with inciting to rebellion against the State. They were arrested for interfering with deputy sheriffs evicting a striking tenant from a company house and brought to trial last September. A mistrial was declared when one escaped.

The other outstanding case is that of Sheriff Adkins's eight deputy sheriffs, charged with killing six strikers at the gates of the Marion Manufacturing Company on October 2. The scores of other defendants are to be tried in five groups on charges ranging from rioting to dynamiting.

Though the issue of Communism does not enter the Marion trials as it did the Charlotte trial and the proceedings of the Gaston County Grand Jury which refused to indict mill workers held for the killing of Ella May Wiggins, local feeling has nevertheless run high. The prevailing bitterness even entered the East Marion Missionary Baptist Church when loyalist officers expelled union members, including a deacon-Sunday school teacher-strike leader, and almost ruined the organization. The selection of jurors from a neighboring county revealed the public hostility against the unions, especially union organizers. One talesman expressed a widespread senti-

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ment when he favored a local union run by local men but opposed "outsiders."

The extent of the feeling is well indicated in the rebellion charge against Hoffman and his associates. For interfering with deputy sheriffs they are classed with the rebels of the Whisky uprising and the followers of Dorr in Rhode Island. Fortunately, Judge Vernon Cowper, in charge of the trials, is maintaining the admirable standard set by Judges Barnhill and McElroy. He has refused to allow the prosecution in the Hoffman case to consolidate the charges of rebellion and rioting, and has shown a determination not to allow local prejudice to disrupt his sense of justice.

▸▸*The World Bank*

THE BANKERS WHO TOILED for six weeks at Baden-Baden to organize the Bank for International Settlements made public only two-thirds of their work. What they withheld was most important. The charter provides for the establishment of the bank, probably at Basle, Switzerland. The statutes detail its functions. But the trust deed concerns the distribution of reparations, a matter with political as well as legal and financial implications. The committee finally agreed to the document giving form to the bargain hammered out under Mr. Snowden's fist at The Hague, but it may provoke dissension when the diplomats meet again to approve the work of the bankers.

Although the experts who framed the Young plan at Paris visioned an institution which would dominate world finance, the bankers prudently designed one to serve primarily as the agent of the central banks of the interested nations in the transfer of reparations payments, the commercialization of annuities, and the supervision of deliveries in goods, duties which have been discharged by S. Parker Gilbert, Agent General of Reparations. The central banks not only have a veto over the World Bank's operations in their territories, but choose the board of directors, which will elect the chairman, probably Melvin A. Traylor of Chicago. At least fifty-five per cent of the capital stock will be held and voted by the central banks; the rest may be offered to other interested nations whose participation is desirable. The statutes provide that the funds of the bank shall be kept liquid, thus minimizing the opportunities both for profit and for large operations outside the sphere of reparations.

OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE MUCH DIFFERENCE

Opening bars of The Star Spangled Banner showing contrast in the two versions

Noteworthy are the elaborate provisions enabling the United States to participate in the bank without seeming to do so. The verbal subtleties of the statutes are largely intended to permit the Federal Reserve System to play its part despite the ukase of the Administration against it. For its pains, the committee seems to have earned little gratitude. Just as the statutes and the charter were made public, conversations were begun between the United States and Germany looking toward a treaty to provide for the payment, independently of the bank, of the costs of the armies of occupation. Judging by the Government's attitude, the bankers at Baden-Baden might have been engaged in a shady conspiracy rather than an effort to solve one of the greatest problems left by the War.

▸▸*Still Unsingable*

NEWS OF GEOFFREY O'HARA'S altered and copyrighted version of The Star Spangled Banner serves to remind the public that the national anthem is most difficult to sing and that almost none of those abashed citizens who know the words and permit themselves to be bullied into singing them in public sing in the correct key. It serves to remind the ironic, that, while the words were written by Francis Scott Key as he watched the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British at Baltimore, the tune is that of an Eighteenth Century English drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven." It serves for little else.

As far as we can observe, from a protracted study of the two versions, Mr. O'Hara has done little to deserve his copyright. He has changed a few dotted quarter-notes to half-notes, eighth-notes to dotted eighth-notes, and so on, to conform with the way most people have been singing them all along. Which ought to make vocal demonstrations of patriotism less a matter of pull and tug with the orchestra than they have been. But the song remains in the key of E, which means that the "rockets' red glare" and the "land of the free" are where they always were—impaled upon high F, where few amateurs can do more than hope to find them. The whole thing is simply a disappointment and, unless Mr. O'Hara can do better, wretched audiences, standing and hatless, will go on as usual, copyright or no copyright. Seven-eighths of them will remain silent; the others will gallantly sing flat.

▸▸*An American Lourdes*

FOUR YEARS AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, a parish priest, twenty-five years old, died of pneumonia in a suburb of Boston. Lean faced, dark haired, serious eyed, the Reverend Patrick J. Power was much like many other Irish-American youths who dedicate themselves to the Church. He studied for the priesthood in Quebec, wrote his theses in the elegant script of the day, and was first assigned to the parish in Springfield. There, and in Malden, where he died, he is remembered chiefly for his love of children. After his death they collected pennies to pay for the slab on his grave in Holy Cross Cemetery

For sixty years Father Power was almost forgotten as the rain beat hollows in his gravestone. Not long ago one of the faithful dipped up some of the water collected in the stone, sprinkled himself with it, and felt relieved of old ailments. He told another, who told another. Soon the lame and the blind were thronging to

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Wide World

REMAIN TO PRAY
Crowd at the grave of Father Power in Malden, Massachusetts

seek through faith what science had not accomplished with medicines and instruments. More than two hundred thousand came on a single day. Some limped and felt their way through the kneeling groups to prostrate themselves on the grave; others scooped up handfuls of dirt. A reported cure brought a chorus of "Hail Marys," while the grave was heaped with flowers and abandoned crutches and braces. Crowds of the curious stood about, gaping at miseries, hoping for miracles. A community developed around the pillar of St. Simon Stylites; a community of merchants followed the crowds to Malden. Outside the cemetery hawkers sold hot dogs and fruit, tintypes and pictures of Father Power.

There are the usual scenes recorded at Lourdes, St. Anne's in Fall River, and St. Anne de Beaupré in Canada—the blind boy, who, after burning intensity in prayer, exclaims, "I can see!;" the cripple who drops his crutches and walks a few feet or more; the mute who mumbles fumblingly. There are pilgrims showing no visible improvement, only heightening hope. There are the sorely disappointed, who draw aside and weep.

In an age that boasts of its scepticism this demonstration gives pause. Faith healing is an ancient article of religion, practiced by many sects, accepted by most. Science may explain that stoked-up fires of faith drive the engine of will to make the afflicted believe they are cured, in some cases actually curing them, at least temporarily. It may explain that the cure is psychological, and does not come objectively. To the simple pilgrims praying at the grave of Father Power, however, it is all merely a proof of the abounding goodness of God.

▸▸*More About Lobbyists*

While protectionists demanded an investigation of tariff bears, the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee continued to make embarrassing revelations concerning tariff bulls. From J. A. Arnold it learned of a scheme to further the cause of protection by means of race prejudice.

Doubtful that the South would become Republican and protectionist by processes of reason, Vance Muse, one of Mr. Arnold's lieutenants, evolved a plan to blacken the Democratic party in Southern eyes by electing Negro Democrats in the North and at the same time to whitewash the Republican party by ejecting its Negro leaders in the South. Interesting Vice-President Curtis, the plan was to have been laid before President Hoover; then Senator Watson of Indiana—what's come over Senator Watson?—advised forgetting race and plugging for rates.

In his several appearances, Mr. Arnold proved a compliant witness. Not so Joseph Grundy. Having declared that Senators from "backward States" should be silenced during debates on the tariff, the head of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association was asked to name those he would gag. In a thirty-five hundred word letter he declined. Recalled to the stand, he again refused to go into personalities. Angrily, Chairman Caraway intimated that Mr. Grundy was "yellow," but immediately ordered the word expunged from the record. "After all," he explained, "I like Mr. Grundy." Who does not? It is peculiar just how likable, as well as droll, Mr. Grundy, with his frank greediness, can be.

Senator Caraway does not like William Burgess, former member of the Tariff Commission, now representative of the pottery and greeting-card industries, who apparently has been chosen as villain of the piece to succeed Senator Bingham. In his second report to the Senate he painted Mr. Burgess not only as a paid lobbyist but as one who had no hesitancy in committing perjury. He attacked him for having sought the removal of Frederick L. Koch, ceramics expert of the Tariff Commission, who held views unfavorable to an increase in duties on pottery. He denounced him for having misquoted members of the upper house and for acts amounting approximately to contempt of the Senate. This last is a serious offense, but Chairman Caraway curiously called for no punitive action. Possibly the Senate exhausted itself in hissing Senator Bingham. And possibly it realizes that there is a somewhat hollow ring to its pretense of being shocked and amazed at exposés regarding the shenanigans of lobbyists in general and tariff lobbyists in particular.

▸▸*Tilling Talley*

Just as we were beginning to worry, not having heard anything of Marion Talley since last Summer—when rotogravures discovered her high on a tractor, wearing an organdie dress, ear rings, and a Mexican sombrero—word comes that she has gotten in the winter wheat and hurried East to fulfill a contract for victrola records (advt.) The message, in the New York *World,* is accompanied by a picture of her, still in organdie and ear rings, feeding a likely-looking calf.

Miss Talley has little to say of singing and much to say of farming. She owns a section and a half of land outside Colby, Kansas, a town which we recently called unstandardized be-

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cause its residents pay no taxes. Miss Talley has been cagey that way from the start. Knowing the ideas most people have about grand opera salaries, she had an agent do her shopping for farms, telling owners that he represented a German family desiring to till the soil. Every one was surprised when the German family turned out to be the Talleys.

Miss Talley is crazy about farming. She doesn't miss the city at all. In the daytime she has her plowing; in the evening she works on her hooked rugs and embroidery. She says every one in Kansas simply stood and stared at the sight of her driving the cultivator and the tractor. It might have been the organdie that surprised them. She also says the resourcefulness she developed in grand opera ought to make her a better farmer than average. She can cook, too, she reveals. She adds that the young men in Kansas are very nice, taller than those at the Metropolitan. She also adds that, while her crops paid thirty per cent on her investment this year, next year she expects fifty per cent. This ought to interest almost any young man, tall or short.

▶▶Three Kinds of Colleges

THE REMEDY SUGGESTED by Professor David Snedden of Columbia University for the "very bad state of health" of American colleges no longer sounds new or revolutionary. It is a notion which has often been advocated and which has an excellent chance of materializing.

Diagnoses, both amateur and professional, of the plight of the colleges are as easy to find as antiques in Dearborn. Too much coonskin, says one commentator; not enough culture. Too much culture, says a second; not enough practical knowledge. Too much practical knowledge, says a third; not enough sound erudition. Bother sound erudition, says a fourth; the important thing about college is the social prestige it affords. Round and round we go. Whereas the trouble boils down to the fact that Alma Mater, the well-meaning soul, has become sadly addled by trying to be all things to all students.

Therefore, suggests Professor Snedden, divide colleges into three types. Let there be one type for the "bread-and-butter" student interested only in subjects relating to his chosen profession and contributing to his earning capacity.

Another type would appeal to the light-hearted student, who totes a flask more comfortably than a notebook, prefers prom bids and stadia to honors and laboratories, and looks to his social contacts during his four collegiate years.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

I cannot see any logical reason for any such action as has occurred with present market values.—ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.

Comparatively few people are reached by this crash.—JULIUS ROSENWALD.

Nothing is more dangerous to good government than great power in improper hands.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

The cause of Christain Unity is one in which I have labored for many years.—RIGHT REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING.

Many persons are interested in God only for what they can get out of him . . . They treat God as a kind of universal valet to do odds and ends for them—a sort of cosmic bellboy that they push buttons for and expect to come running.—REV. DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

All Americans worth anything come over to see me.—BERNARD SHAW.

A girl plus a cigarette equals loss of self-respect. A girl plus drink equals danger. A girl plus danger might equal anything.—REV. J. L. FENDRICH, JR.

Every advance he [man] has ever made has been through the aid, direction and advice of women with a true perspective of humor, who found him, newly made of dust, leaning against the walls of Eden with nothing on his clay brain.—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

I hate long skirts—they're uncomfortable—and often ugly.—I think it's absurd, but I buy them. —NEYSA MCMEIN.

When a woman starts out to be stylish, she doesn't care how she looks.—"BUGS" BAER.

▶▶◀◀

For honest seekers after a liberal education—believe it or not, there are some—a third type of college would remain. This, Professor Snedden proposes, might be free of entrance requirements, prescribed studies, fixed years of attendance, diplomas, and degrees. It would be a place for students who pursued knowledge as an end in itself.

Is not a division of this sort even now on the way? Already there are indications that certain colleges are becoming associated with better football, families, and fun; certain others with more thorough technical training; still others with celebrated courses in the Nineteenth Century poets. Professor Snedden's dream may become a reality sooner than he expects.

▶▶In Brief

THE NEW YORK *Times*, shocked by the book's title, has rejected an advertisement of Vina Delmar's *Kept Woman*. Henceforth, one assumes, *Times* religious editors will refer to the Biblical story as that of the woman taken in a statutory offense. . . . A Federal dry raider was convicted of first-degree manslaughter and sentenced to fifty years in prison not long ago. No, you're quite right; the trial did not take place in a Federal court. . . . Friends of the late Enrico Caruso will change the clothing on his embalmed body every three years, keeping it dressed in the latest fashions. No project in better taste has been heard of since American undertakers thought up colored coffins. . . . The name of Helen Wills, who was presented at the Court of St. James's last season, is not in the 1930 Social Register for San Francisco. Lacking this feather in her cap, Miss Wills must rest content with her three white plumes. . . . Experts meeting at the University of Chicago discovered that records are so chaotic that no one knows whether crime is increasing or decreasing. Now that we are all a little weary of bemoaning our climbing crime rate, it might be just as well to discover whether it is climbing or falling. . . . No one got further North in explaining the stock market crash than Fred I. Kent, director of the Bankers Trust Company of New York, who found that it was largely due to the coalition bloc in Congress. Unless and until some one else outdoes that one, Mr. Kent deserves to be known as the Peary of all explainers. . . . About 120,000 spectators, the greatest crowd in history, watched Notre Dame defeat Southern California, which indicates that, when it comes to discouraging overemphasis on college football, there is nothing quite like an exposé by so eminent an institution as the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

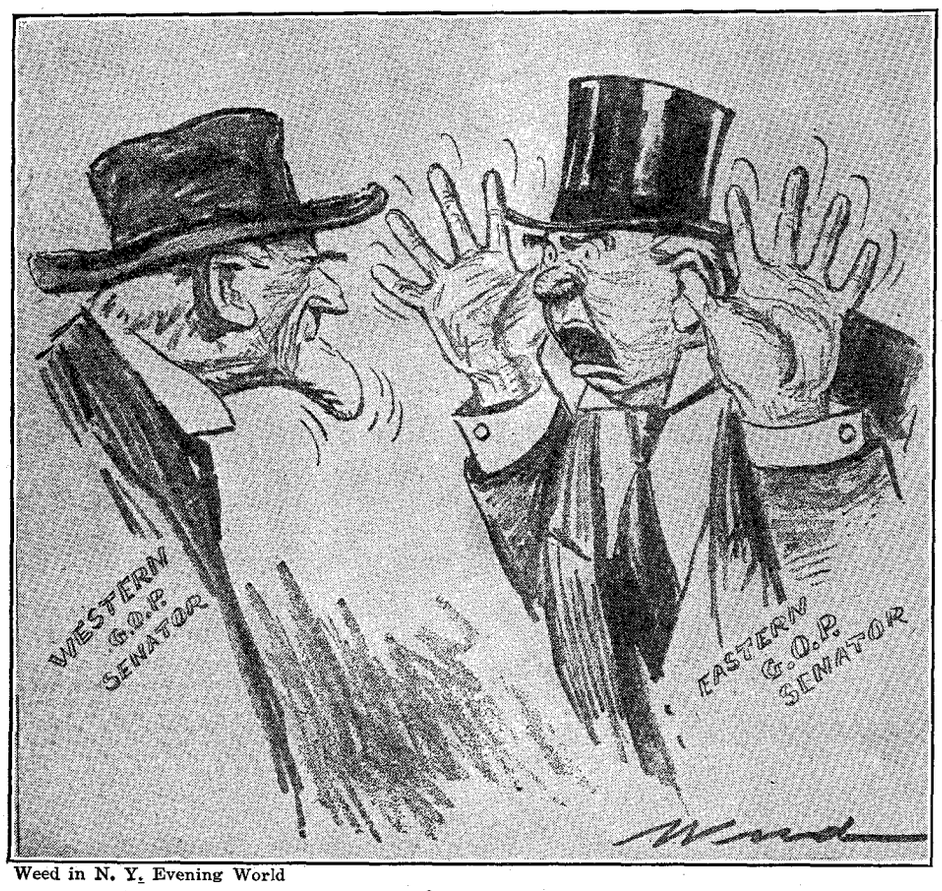
THE UNITED STATES SENATE now boasts more generals and ex-generals than a disorganized army of Mexican rebels. Though we cannot find that any of the nominal leaders have been formally deposed, we find nobody who makes a pretense of following them. We have seen even the most hardened regulars become political guerillas, and astonish themselves as well as observers with their new spirit of independence. We cannot say we are surprised that the advent of a non-political and non-partisan President should be accompanied by such a disappearance of party lines and allegiances in the Senate, but we did not look for it quite so soon. Nor, we suspect, did the President. We think it a pity that Mr. Hoover's legislative program should be jeopardized simply because he was doing things so much more worth while that his early training did not permit him to learn how to handle the American politician.

Our latest canvass revealed the existence of five well-defined groups striving for success, each in its separate sphere. At the present moment we divide the Senate membership into regular Republicans of the Reed-Smoot-Bingham category, Progressive Republicans like Borah and Norris, the new "baby bloc" made up of Junior Leaguers like Kean of New Jersey, Vanderberg of Michigan and Goldsborough of Maryland, the Democrats, and the "polecat bloc," which so far has no following other than its charter and charred member, the Honorable Smith Wildman Brookhart of Iowa.

We count the "baby bloc" to be the most interesting, even though its membership includes some of the stodgiest and dullest Senators of all the ninety-six. This group came into being in protest against the inability of the old Guard to effect passage of a decent tariff bill. Its professed program is enactment of a measure midway between the low-tariff demands of the coalitionists and the excessively high rates of both the House and Senate Finance Committee proposals. Its more remote aim is to substitute Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon for Jim Watson of Indiana as Senate leader and to oust Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire as president pro tem of the Senate and chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee. Actually, these inexperienced legislators think the present Republican chaos provides them an opportunity to seize, first the control of the Senate, and then a commanding position in the national organization. It is significant that many of them come from States where the factions long dominant have suffered setbacks, and empty political thrones beckon to the daring.

We find it difficult, however, to reconcile this far-reaching program with the lack of ideas, experience, intelligence and appeal of the "Young Guard." We cannot recall a more plodding and unattractive set of conspirators. Not one among them can carry on a combat on the floor with facility of tongue or mind; not one, by the appeal of his personality, can conquer where arguments fail him. They are wealthy but unwieldy figures, clinging to their Senate or cloakroom chairs when great subjects or personalities are up for discussion. Their very names, we imagine, are as unknown to the public as those of members of the Board of Aldermen of any of the 250 first-class cities.

These youngsters may be wiser than we think, however. Perhaps our Senate needs dull and stodgy leaders conscious of their own frailties and the efficacy of making friends rather than foes of their associates. Certainly Republican leadership has not profited from the guidance of that brilliant intellectual, Reed of Pennsylvania, or that pert New Hampshire wisecracker, George H. Moses. Likewise such shining and resplendent figures as Norris and Borah have too frequently proved to be will-o-the-wisps to orthodox Republicans. In our opinion, the "baby bloc" shows good sense in advocating McNary for the leadership. A Stanford University graduate like the President, McNary has little in common with such old-fashioned bosses as Watson, Jones, Smoot and other ancients. He is young, attractive and sensible. He has no feeling of idolatry for party shibboleths or political traditions. He can, on occasion, play the part of a Progressive; it was his farm bill which Calvin Coolidge and half his horrified Cabinet denounced as bolshevistic. We would not be surprised if a realist like McNary were the kind of man the G.O.P. needs on Capitol Hill.—A. F. C.



Weed in N. Y. Evening World

Statesmen!

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The Quest for Converts

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

The patient of Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, herself restored to vibrant health, now conceived her mission to be "to teach this Truth to at least one person before she died." She was to do better than that, of course, but there were disappointments and defections before she found her first strong disciple, young Richard Kennedy. During this period she was deserted by her second husband, Dr. Patterson, and spent some time in Spiritualist circles. This is the fourth instalment of "According to the Flesh"

IN THE SUMMER following Quimby's death in 1866 Dr. Patterson left his wife. Many years later Mrs. Eddy said that the ground upon which she secured her divorce from Dr. Patterson was adultery. As usual the record was consulted, which showed the charge to have been "desertion." To this Mrs. Eddy responded a little heatedly that although the technical charge was desertion, Dr. Patterson left her "to elope with the wife of a wealthy citizen who had employed his services professionally," and the story is told that sometime later the "partner of this adventure" returned to Lynn, sought out Mrs. Patterson, "who received the repentant woman kindly," and interceded for her with the deserted husband, who in the end was persuaded to take back his wife.

Although Dr. Patterson disappeared permanently from the scene, he voluntarily paid his wife the sum of $200 annually from the time of their separation until her fortune had so improved that she was able magnanimously to refuse any longer to accept it.

Mary Baker Glover Patterson was now forty-five years of age. That she was possessed of a magnetic personality, and of great feminine attraction at this period of her life, there is no doubt. That she felt a fresh and tremendous influx of vitality and power, the events of the next few years clearly indicate. She was certainly in what for most women and particularly women of her day might be called a dilemma. But, as always, this curious woman thrived upon dilemma,—that is to say, the dilemma of exterior environment. Upon the dilemma of the spirit, it is more difficult to thrive, since it is more difficult to perceive.

Mrs. Patterson might now quite easily have retired from the struggle of life, as her sister Mrs. Tilton offered her a permanent home in her family, even holding out the temptation of building a cottage for her near the Tilton home. But there was a proviso to this offer. Mary must give up her strange beliefs. She must come home as a respectable member of a respected family. She must cease to bore their friends with her theories. She must, in fact, content herself with being the sister of the wealthy Mrs. Tilton.

Mary's reply was immediate and spirited. She would make no compromise, and Mrs. Tilton closed her door upon her forever—an action which, although regretted by Mrs. Patterson, did not in the least disturb her faith. She knew at last what she wanted to do, and believed she had found an ultimate truth. The break with her family set her feet even more firmly upon the path she had chosen for herself.

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HIRAM S. CRAFTS

The first of Mrs. Eddy's students to go into practice

The years 1866 to 1870 have come to be known as the "three-year withdrawal from society." Like all withdrawals from society, it was composed of almost continuous melodrama. As if to cut herself off completely from the past, Mrs. Patterson resumed her former name, and became known again as Mrs. Glover.

During these three years, she lived in boarding houses, took up temporary residence with various private families, coming often to grief, creating dissension, acquiring friends, acquiring enemies,—all this in various suburbs such as Stoughton, East Stoughton (now Avon), Taunton, and Amesbury, within a short radius of Lynn and Boston. Absurd as many of the exterior details of this Hegira certainly were, nothing swerved the pilgrim from her purposes. She taught, inveighed, exhorted, and wherever she went, whoever were her hosts, under no matter what conditions, Mrs. Glover "the authoress" plied her pen incessantly. If she was put out of one house in the midst of a pelting storm, and her trunk set out on the stoop after her, she figuratively sat down on the trunk, took her pen from her reticule, and continued to write, as undisturbed apparently by the storm she had set up within the house as by the storm without.

The rumor was in all these simple houses that Mrs. Glover was writing a Bible. Her talk was of the great healer Quimby who had been her deliverer, of his methods and ideas which would one day revolutionize the world and save all suffering humanity. Mrs. Glover's preaching of the Quimby theories has often been likened to the mission of St. Paul. A strange and disturbing St. Paul indeed she proved.

Everywhere she went she was the important and distinguished guest. She had no time to consider the jealousies of wives whose husbands, persuaded by her eloquence and fervor, wished to listen to her by the hour. When one door closed against her, another opened to welcome her, and for a time the atmosphere of that house vibrated to the heightened rhythm of the exotic visitor. All these havens, with one exception, were the houses of Spiritualists. Much

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has been made of this fact. It is of this period that it has been claimed that Mrs. Glover was for a time at least a professional medium. The undisputed fact that she did live in the homes of Spiritualists, and that they were her friends and companions, has lent color to the assertion. It is unreasonable, however, to believe it. Years before this she had publicly and privately defended Quimby against the same claim. Her letters to him, we have already seen, are definite upon the point. And the statements of members of the households in which she spent those years are unanimous in saying that Mrs. Glover talked and preached Quimby continuously, and that her introduction to the subject was that she had "a science in advance of spiritualism."

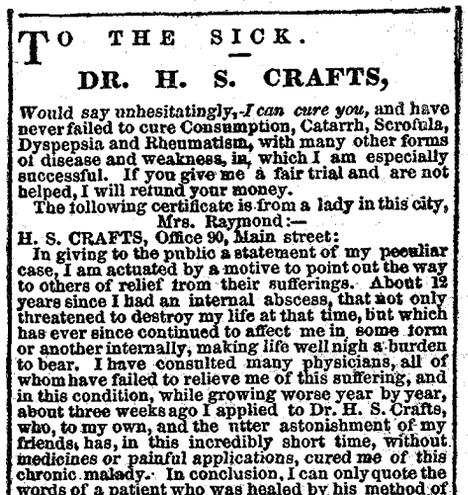
She had her copy of Quimby's manuscript entitled *Questions and Answers*, and it was from this manuscript that she now elucidated and expounded the Quimby views. She repeatedly made the statement that she had "promised Quimby to teach this Truth to at least one person before she died."

Why then did Mrs. Glover associate herself with avowed Spiritualists? Their number was by no means small, nor did they constitute merely the ignorant class. It is quite conceivable that if it was not simply chance which led her among these companions, that she sought them out deliberately, since here were people accustomed at least to the idea that mind or spirit operates independently of the body. She may have thought that she could more easily lead them to the next step of belief that the phenomena they produced were not caused by departed spirits, but by the operation of mind on mind, and thence lead them out upon the high-road of Quimby's theory.

What she sought was the disciple,—the strong disciple without fear, who should not only comprehend but demonstrate the new theory for the healing of disease. Her first practicing student was Hiram Crafts. Crafts was an expert shoe worker who had become interested in the new healing system when he and his wife and Mrs. Glover were fellow boarders in the Clark boarding house in Lynn in the summer of '66. Early in 1867 the Crafts were returning to their home in Stoughton, and Mrs. Glover, who had made several moves in the meantime, demonstrating and preaching her system, accompanied the Crafts to Stoughton in the capacity of advisor to Mr. Crafts who now entered upon the professional practice of the healing system. Mrs. Glover remained with the Crafts, instructing and advising Mr. Crafts about his patients, and continuing as elsewhere with her own writing. The arrangement was that she should receive her board and lodging in return for the instruction to Mr. Crafts.

But here too human nature intervened. Mrs. Crafts, as others, found herself in the rôle of housekeeper, cook, and serving maid to Mrs. Glover, who took no part in these household duties, but spent her time closeted in her room or in conference with Mr. Crafts. Mrs. Crafts appears to have tired of the rôle in the usual feminine way. Mrs. Crafts's brother was among those who many years later furnished an affidavit relating to this time. He tells the story of the break between the Crafts and Mrs. Glover (whom he refers to as Mrs. Patterson, as the Crafts had met Mrs. Glover directly after her separation from Dr. Patterson, and she had not yet resumed her former name):

". . . . Mrs. Crafts waited upon Mrs. Patterson, did the housework and marketing, and in every way sought to advance the interests of her husband, Hiram S. Crafts. When Mrs. Crafts discovered that Mrs. Patterson was attempting to influence Mr. Crafts to apply for a divorce, she, my sister, Mary Crafts, prepared to pack up her possessions and to leave her husband's house. The result of this was that Mr. Crafts would not consent to lose his wife, and as Mrs. Crafts would not remain unless Mrs. Patterson went away, Mrs. Patterson was obliged to leave the home of Mr. and Mrs. Crafts."



TO THE SICK.

DR. H. S. CRAFTS,

Would say unhesitatingly,—*I can cure you*, and have never failed to cure Consumption, Catarrh, Scrofula, Dyspepsia and Rheumatism, with many other forms of disease and weakness, in, which I am especially successful. If you give me a fair trial and are not helped, I will refund your money.

The following certificate is from a lady in this city, Mrs. Raymond:—

H. S. CRAFTS, Office 90, Main street:

In giving to the public a statement of my peculiar case, I am actuated by a motive to point out the way to others of relief from their sufferings. About 12 years since I had an internal abscess, that not only threatened to destroy my life at that time, but which has ever since continued to affect me in some form or another internally, making life well nigh a burden to bear. I have consulted many physicians, all of whom have failed to relieve me of this suffering, and in this condition, while growing worse year by year, about three weeks ago I applied to Dr. H. S. Crafts, who, to my own, and the utter astonishment of my friends, has, in this incredibly short time, without medicines or painful applications, cured me of this chronic malady. In conclusion, I can only quote the words of a patient who was healed by his method of cure: "I am convinced he is a skillful Physician, whose cures are not the result of accident." I reside in Taunton, at Weir street Railroad Crossing.

ABIGAIL RAYMOND.

Taunton, May 13, 1867.—my14-dT&S&w1m

[An advertisement of Hiram S. Crafts which appeared in a Taunton paper in 1867

The break with the Crafts occurred some time late in the summer of '67. Mark Baker had died the preceding year, and George S., the brother "Sullivan" of Mary's early letters, was also dead.

The autumn of 1867 found Mrs. Glover finally estranged from her family, and with the first disciple in whom she had placed her hope found wanting. She packed her trunk and went to the town of Amesbury which had been recommended to her by friends as a quiet place in which to meditate and write. Here she boarded in the house of Mrs. Webster, an elderly eccentric Spiritualist, known as "Mother Webster" to her friends. She was the wife of a retired sea captain, now a superintendent of the cotton mills in Manchester and consequently away from home except for occasional visits. Mrs. Webster was what was known as a "drawing and healing medium." Her big three-story house was constantly filled with all sorts of invalids and stray Spiritualists whom she took in and cared for generously. She was very sympathetic to Mrs. Glover's necessities, and gave her a large sunny room on an upper floor in which to write.

Mother Webster had a small special room in the house which she called her "spirit room." It was decorated in blue, the favorite color of spirits, and the furniture, although quite material, was called by Mother Webster "spiritual furniture." The "spiritual couch" in this room was always used by Mother Webster for her daily nap, and often at night when she was sleepless she would leave her bedroom to lie upon the "spiritual couch" where, she declared, she could always fall asleep. This room was always used when seances were held, and for her healing conferences. But presently the irresistible and invincible Mrs. Glover was sitting in the spiritual chair with her papers and books piled upon the spiritual table, and the "spirit room" was now converted into her writing room. Often Mother Webster was astonished to see the authoress, at the end of the day's work, gather up all the pages she had written and tear them into bits, "because she could not make them read as she wished."

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Of this sojourn in the Webster household we also have an affidavit secured for the Milmine-McClure articles. It is the affidavit of Mother Webster's granddaughter, and made "partly from my own knowledge, and partly from hearing it many, many times from my father, my grandmother, and my grandfather Webster, who have related it to me and other members of the family until it has come to be a well known part of our family history."

She tells that in the summers the grandchildren were taken to Amesbury to spend their vacations, and their father went up from New York some time in advance "in order to clear Grandmother's house of broken-down Spiritualists and sick persons, so that we might have enough room in the house, and because he thought the atmosphere of so much sickness and spiritualism was unwholesome for young children."

The granddaughter says that her father, "upon first seeing Mrs. Glover in the house, had told my grandmother that she, Mrs. Glover, should not be permitted to remain." She also says that her grandfather Webster, "coming home and finding Mrs. Glover established in the house, was displeased because she was there. He told my grandmother that he did not want Mrs. Glover to remain." We are not, however, told what the basis of their objection to Mrs. Glover was.

The affidavit states that:

"Failing to succeed in getting Mrs. Glover to leave the house, my grandmother sent for my father. . . . My father commanded Mrs. Glover to leave, and when she steadfastly refused to go, he had her trunk dragged from the room and set it outside the door, insisted upon her also going out the door, and when she was outside he closed the door and locked it. . . . It was dark at the time, and a heavy rain was falling."

Mrs. Glover had her champions at Mother Webster's. A young man named Richard Kennedy was a fellow boarder, and a friendship had sprung up between him and Mrs. Glover. Although Richard Kennedy was only eighteen at this time, he was a boy of intelligence and good address. He had from childhood made his own way in the world, and now had a small box factory in Amesbury, employing several helpers. He was from the first deeply interested in Mrs. Glover's ideas, and like every one else who came within the sway of her remarkable personality, experienced in this contact the sense of life heightened and intensified. The ardor of his interest filled her again with the hope that in him she had found the disciple she sought. He was alert, abounding in health and good spirits, and combined a studious seriousness with those social graces which would be valuable in any practitioner of a new and unknown theory.

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MRS. NATHANIEL WEBSTER

A prominent Spiritualist of Amesbury, Mass.

When Mrs. Glover left the Websters, Richard Kennedy also left. In fact several boarders seem to have gone at the same time. In refutation of the story contained in the affidavit of the granddaughter of Mrs. Webster, Miss Wilbur says in the Authorized Life, after referring to "this startling account of a ruffianly act which almost any man would hesitate to tell of himself" that the fact is that the incident was "quite otherwise;" that although there was cause for much offense, it "decidedly did not lie with Mrs. Glover. She left the house of her own volition, left it with the same composure that she had first entered it. And her leaving was justifiable. A lady who was a guest of the house at the time accompanied her, and together they went to the home of Miss Sarah Bagley. Here arrangements were made for Mrs. Glover's entertainment for the time being, as she expected shortly to return to Stoughton."

Upon one point all the important authorities do agree. It was a dark and stormy night upon which Mrs. Glover made her sudden and unexpected appearance at Sarah Bagley's door.

Miss Bagley was the last survivor of a fine old New England family. She lived alone in the still charming old Bagley house, but the fading of the family fortune, never large, made it necessary for her to provide herself with a living, which she did by dressmaking and millinery carried on at home.

The entrance of the exciting and colorful Mrs. Glover into this saddened house brought new life to Sarah Bagley, and she too fell under the spell of that magnetic and eloquent voice, which promised so much. Hope and ambition returned to her; she listened to Mrs. Glover throughout the day, and at night they were joined by young Richard Kennedy. Mrs. Glover was at her best. Two students now, both fired with the zeal to take up the work. Yet happy and welcome though she certainly was in this house, there were other students waiting, other houses anxious for her stimulating presence.

While she had been living in Stoughton with the Crafts, she had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Sally Wentworth who had brought her consumptive daughter for treatment, and had evidently been impressed with Mrs. Glover's new method since they had kept up a correspondence after Mrs. Glover had left. Mrs. Wentworth was a practical nurse and well known for her "rubbing" skill.

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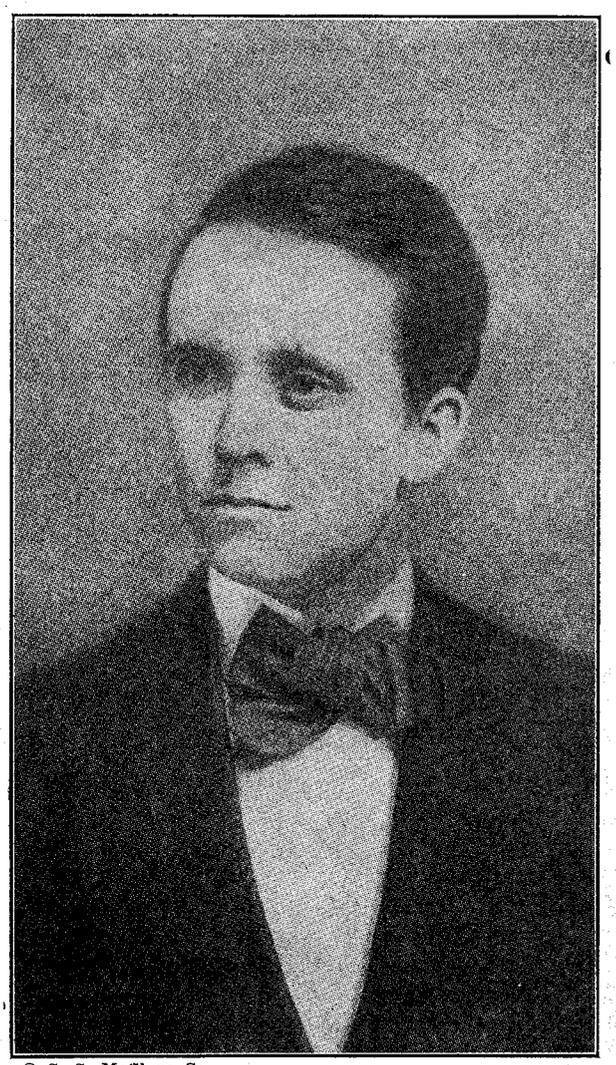
She had wished to learn more of Mrs. Glover's system since she hoped to combine it with her own work, and now she wrote to Mrs. Glover, asking if she could not come to Stoughton for the definite purpose of teaching her the system. For this instruction she would pay the equivalent of three hundred dollars in board and lodging, which would cover a considerable time to be spent by Mrs. Glover in the Wentworth home.

On a meager income of $200 a year, this was an opportunity not to be lost. Accordingly, in the spring of 1868, Mrs. Glover was again in Stoughton and installed in the Wentworth home. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, and two children, Charles and Lucy, the latter about fourteen; a married son who lived near was often in and out of the house, and a young niece, Catherine, who also lived near, spent a great deal of time with her young Wentworth cousins and was a familiar of the house. Mrs. Glover arrived at the Wentworths a little more than a year after her "withdrawal" had begun. She was a member of the Wentworth household for nearly two years or until the early spring of 1870. And this sojourn also ended disastrously.

The household came to be strongly divided in its opinion of Mrs. Glover. The young daughter Lucy adored her, and spent as much time as possible in her company. She would listen to no criticism of her friend, and resented her brother and cousin Catherine who made fun of Mrs. Glover and mimicked her manner and speech. At the Wentworths, as in other families, the charge was made that she created discord between husband and wife. This time it seems to have been Mr. Wentworth who resented Mrs. Glover's influence over his wife, and felt that she was trying to alienate his wife from their home and duties, and lead her out into the world as a practitioner of the new system. Mrs. Wentworth had brought Mrs. Glover there for the express purpose of learning the system, and certainly spent her time largely in an effort to imbibe it. She, as Hiram Crafts had done before her, made her copy of the manuscript called *Questions and Answers* which Quimby had used, and from which she studied as the basis of her instruction. It was this particular manuscript with its heading *Extracts From Doctor P. P. Quimby's Writings,* and entitled *The Science of Man or the principle which controls all phenomena* and a preface signed "Mary M. Glover" followed by the main manuscript consisting of *Questions and Answers,* bearing the marginal note, "P.P.Q's Mss.," that became a strong link in the chain of evidence bearing upon what was later known as the "Quimby controversy."



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RICHARD KENNEDY
Mrs. Eddy's first partner

Since Mrs. Glover's stay with the Wentworths lasted for almost two years, the misunderstandings could hardly have been serious until shortly before the end of her visit. Horace Wentworth and the cousin Catherine Clapp in affidavits made after forty years, had a highly colored story to tell. These two from the beginning had ridiculed Mrs. Glover, enjoying her in their way quite as much as Lucy Wentworth and her mother had in theirs. Horace Wentworth says that the trouble began when Mrs. Glover failed to persuade his mother to go with her to practice the Quimby treatment; that Mrs. Glover then retired to her room and spent most of her time there writing upon her "Bible" or interpretations of the Scriptures. The cousin Catherine Clapp tells that one day when Mr. Wentworth was ill and in bed, that Mrs. Glover shut herself up in her room and pounded on the floor above his head to annoy him. Horace Wentworth's story goes on to say that his mother finally asked Mrs. Glover to leave the house, as soon as she could find another place to stay.

He says that Mrs. Glover chose for her departure a moment when no one was in the house, and took the train for Amesbury without a word of farewell; that when the Wentworths returned that night, they found Mrs. Glover's room locked, and could get no reply to their knocking. He says that after several days his mother became alarmed, fearing that some mischance had befallen Mrs. Glover, and told him to force the door of her room. He then relates that they found "every breadth of matting slashed up through the middle, apparently with some sharp instrument. We also found the feather bed all cut to pieces." They then opened the door of the closet. "On the floor was a pile of newspapers almost entirely consumed. On top of these papers was a shovel full of dead coals." These, he said, had "evidently been left upon the paper by the last occupant" and that evidently because the closet door was shut, the air of the closet so dead, and because the papers were piled flat and folded so tight that they would not ignite, the house had not been set on fire. Miss Wilbur's Authorized Life makes note of this story and says that Horace Wentworth, who had always scoffed at Mrs. Glover, embellished his original stories about her year after year, and "finding that his stories went well in the village square" he ended by telling them, nearly forty years later, to inquiring newspaper correspondents and "saw them printed in the metropolitan press."

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Of the slashed matting and the setting of the fire, Miss Wilbur says that apparently the foundation for "such slanderous gossip" was that the children romping in Mrs. Glover's room had torn the matting with their heavy shoes, and that in cleaning the room "some dead ashes were laid on a newspaper to be removed with the rubbish." She says further that there was no suggestion of "serious unpleasantness" when Mrs. Glover left the Wentworth house, since she had already arranged to go to Amesbury; that her intention was well known by Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, and that "her leave-taking was made with courteous attentions on both her part and theirs."

Whatever the facts, it is clear that Mrs. Glover was possessed of temperament, and however much she may have been devoted to the softening influence of divine love, it had not altogether dried up the wells of anger for her, nor robbed her of the impulse to take her own part. The "courteous attentions on both her part and theirs" which attended her leave-taking must have been, at any rate, just a shade too courteous for comfort.

With the Wentworth episode, and a short return to Amesbury to the home of Sarah Bagley, and Richard Kennedy, the saga of her three years "withdrawal from society" comes to its end. It is hardly to be wondered at that of this period, so filled as it was with the "etcetera of mortal mind" and with her natural inability to recall details, she dismissed it briefly in her autobiography with a paragraph.

In the month of June, 1870, a sign reading simply "Dr. Kennedy" was nailed to a tree in the yard of a big house at the corner of Shepard and South Common Streets in Lynn. On the first floor of the building Miss Susie Magoun had opened a private school for young children. Miss Magoun had leased the entire building, and let the five rooms on the second floor to a young man who had appeared seeking offices "for a physician." He told her that he would have with him "an elderly woman who was writing a book" and that they would each need offices and sleeping rooms. Miss Magoun was impressed with the appearance and candor of the young man and let the rooms to him at once. A few days later the new tenants moved in, furnishing the rooms plainly and sparely, for they had little money between them. Mrs. Glover was now forty-nine years of age. Richard Kennedy was just twenty-one.

In response to the modest sign on the tree, patients began to come in at once. Before many months, Dr. Kennedy's waiting-room was so crowded that late comers had to wait in Miss Magoun's parlor downstairs. Mrs. Glover was teaching classes in what she now called "Moral Science," advising Kennedy in the treatment of his patients, and writing in all her spare time. She had not been mistaken in the possibilities of young Richard Kennedy. They had entered into a contract by which they should remain together for three years. Their financial partnership related only to Kennedy's practice, and Mrs. Glover's income from teaching was her own. The fee for her three weeks' course of twelve lectures was one hundred dollars but she raised this within a few weeks to three hundred, and there were many who were willing to pay the price. Each student was expected to become a practitioner, and agreed to give Mrs. Glover a percentage on the income from his practice, or to pay the sum of $1000 if he did not practice or teach the method. When a student had completed the course he was at once addressed as doctor and received the congratulations of his teacher.

Mrs. Glover now had three manuscripts which formed the basis of her instructions and which were given out to her students under bond not to show them. The first of these was the Questions and Answers which she had entitled The Science of Man, but now no longer bearing the inscription "Extracts from Dr. P. P. Quimby's Writings," and with the preface "by Mary M. Glover" now absorbed into the body of the manuscript and the wording slightly changed. The second manuscript was entitled Scientific Treatises on Morality, As Taught by Mrs. M. B. Glover, and the third manuscript was called Soul's Inquiries of Man. The second and third treatises were written by herself but derived entirely as to theory, and largely as to vocabulary, from Quimby.

Every healing that Kennedy made brought him new patients, and Mrs. Glover new students. She worked with tremendous concentration and energy, seldom even leaving the house; and now that she was out of the misty atmosphere of Spiritualism, and free of financial worry, she began for the first time to see into the future and to be able to chart her course. But no sooner was the course charted than the wind began to rise.

Her students were drawn from all walks of life, many were shoe workers from the factories, more ardent than intelligent. The healing feature and the prospect held out to them of a lucrative profession drew these students to her classes. Whatever their later conclusions came to be regarding the worth of this instruction, one and all from the stupidest to the most intelligent testified in later years to the remarkable capacity of Mrs. Glover as a lecturer and expounder of her theories. While they were under the spell of her presence and her voice, they seemed to be lifted to another plane of being. The world outside their little circle "seemed a madhouse" where every man pursued a phantom while they alone existed in reality. She never lost this power and such statements were made of her by all her pupils from the earliest to the latest. This was more than mere zeal and earnestness. With her personal charm, her beautiful voice, and that intense quality of emotion, Mary Baker might, if she had turned her talents to the stage, have become a great actress. Indeed, the stories told of her temperamental instabilities, her sudden angers, her passionate attachments, recall the stories of great actresses. Great preaching and great acting have always had these similarities. Her audiences felt that no price was too high to pay. Her students were wholly hers. A fire burning is a fire burning and whether it be of borrowed wood or holy oil people will come to warm their hands by it.

A brawny young seaman just home from a cruise to Calcutta on the sailing vessel John Clark carrying a cargo of ice from Boston to the Indies, and finding at home all these excitements stranger far than anything he had seen in the Indies, and his consumptive sister whom he had never expected to see again now miraculously on her way to recovery, found himself swept into the circle, and in no time at all, without knowing how he did it, had actually cured a girl of dropsy, which so shocked and frightened him that he fled from the class and never again could be persuaded to attempt another miracle.

There were sceptics too, intellectuals interested but wary, determined to hold fast

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Dying For Dear Old Mazuma

By JOHN R. TUNIS

"YOU ARE the investigators. We are the investigatees. Investigate us if you can!"

That, or at least something like it appears to have been the attitude of the colleges toward the recent Carnegie Report. At any rate if one may judge by their remarks in print since the famous Bulletin No. 23 was made public.

That Report, as you may remember, covered 400 pages and tackled every phase of American intercollegiate athletics. It was prepared by four educated men who devoted nearly four years to its preparation, visiting 112 colleges and universities in this country and Canada, some of them two or three times. The material was checked and rechecked with the institutions in question. And there it stands, a dispassionate and complete indictment not only of the American sports racket but also of the American diploma factories.

Athletes, it appears, are bought like professional baseball players. Slush funds for their support exist or existed at colleges like Northwestern, Dickinson, Western Maryland, Lafayette, Carnegie Tech and Washington and Jefferson. Eligibility rules and scholarship regulations are treated with the scorn they deserve. Ten and fifteen-thousand-dollar publicity men are a necessary adjunct of every well regulated football eleven. And so on and so on. What every one suspected and whispered about is now put in front of us with chapter and verse. And with the backing of the Carnegie Foundation it is not so easy to laugh off, either.

Now it is important to remember that the facts as disclosed represent not the maximum but the minimum of actuality. As proof thereof, a letter appeared in the New York *Herald-Tribune* the day after the Bulletin was issued, making public an appeal from the President of the Alumni Association of a prominent Southern college, frankly asking for money to send athletes to Dear Old Mazuma. "X weighs 196 pounds and was all-state high school tackle last year . . . his parents are not in a position to send him to school and he would not be able to go were it not for our scholarship. We would be mighty glad if you would join us to raise the money needed; $600. If you feel like coming in, how about a check for $25? I will see this check is forwarded promptly to the head coach."

So if you read that one out of every seven college athletes and that fifty per cent of all college football players were helped in one way or another in their educational careers, rest assured that such a statement errs on the conservative side. The probability is that your alma mater had at least three men on the eleven this fall who were bona fide students.

Mr. Arnold Bennett once said that the most gracious act in the world was a man admitting himself to be wrong. If there is any plane of American life where one would expect to find a frank admission of guilt, it is in our universities. And the natural assumption when the Report appeared was to expect a *mea culpa* and a sincere attempt to do away with some of the abuses specified. Nor was the Report without the specific remedy for the help of the harassed college president who saw the evils but knew no possible cure. The paid coach, the gate receipts, the special training tables, the costly sweaters and expensive journeys in Pullman cars, the recruiting from the high school—these were a few of the things which were to be lopped off.

WHAT happened? What happened was a unanimous chorus of repudiation from most of the colleges and every one connected with them. Or, if not that, a shrug of the shoulders and a suggestion that at least, "we are no worse than any one else." Thus the athletic authorities at Coe expressed surprise that Carlton College had been whitewashed in the Report, because it was well known that at Carlton, and so forth and so forth. A member of the Princeton eleven was amazed to see Yale given a clean slate because he himself met a boy who could not afford to go to Princeton yet who went to Yale "at the last minute." And so it went.

In the meantime many collegiate authorities simply denied the charges in black and white. Mr. W. S. Theurer, the Graduate Manager at Washington and Jefferson, where by the way the Report spoke of a slush fund of $25,000 for promising athletes, remarked: "There is not one word of truth in the Report." Although Michigan was declared by the Foundation to be engaged in "intensely organized and sometimes subtle systems of recruiting," Mr. Fielding Yost, the Athletic Director, blandly remarks that "I know of no such system." Mr. Norman G. Tabor, the President of the Athletic Council at Brown denied all the charges relating to that university in the Report.

At New York University, where by the way a majority of the members of the team hail from the state of Massachusetts, Professor Giles L. Courtney called the report unfair. Dean Herbert Hawkes of Columbia suggests that "To say that the scholarships here are awarded for athletic proficiency is absurd." Many others commented in the same vein.

NOWHERE was there a frank avowal of guilt, an admission of the evils which exist. The Carnegie Report appeared on the 23rd of October, over a month ago. Since that time has a single attempt been made to rectify any of the excesses named therein? Has any college president made a sincere effort to get rid of the expensive coach, the long schedules, or indeed done anything to put into effect any of the suggested reforms? Most of their utterances on the contrary have conspicuously avoided mentioning these reforms and dealt rather in unctuous phrases of innocence and athletic integrity.

The colleges of the country make money out of intercollegiate sports. The colleges take this money and use it. If their presidents really desired to clean up the athletic situation, they could do so and they would find an amazingly large number of the alumni behind them. But alas, in that event no money would be made. Accordingly they have done nothing since the issuance of the Report, and will probably do nothing in the future, notwithstanding their protests in regard to keeping football an amateur game.

If it did nothing else, the Carnegie Report brought to light the intellectual dishonesty of the American college.

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Banks to the Rescue

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

BANK PREPAREDNESS has been the salvation of the financial community during the great break in the stock market. Although a few of the banks, including one very large one, it must be admitted, were somewhat carried away by the swift current of rising stock prices during the past two years, the majority and the real leaders began to distrust the new level of stock market values a long time ago. Fortunately their lead was followed by the banks as a whole, and when the crash came the banks were ready for it.

Nearly a year ago the president of one of New York's most important banks told the writer that he was unable to agree with the majority of eminent economists and such of his brother bankers who held that the days of panics in this country had gone by. He felt that we were drawing dangerously near the brink of a panic, and he said it was quite possible that a period of payment by cashier's checks, similar to that of 1907, might again be experienced. His fears came nearer to being realized than most people suppose. Doubtless the prompt action made possible by the example set by his own bank did more than anything else to avert such a catastrophe.

Three October days will live in Wall Street's memory. They were Thursday, the 24th, and the following Monday and Tuesday. Price declines on three or four days since then were nearly as large, but the markets were orderly and it was possible to sell stocks at some price at all times. For a while on October 24 conditions on the floor of the Stock Exchange were as near to a veritable panic as they have ever been since the famous Black Friday when the gold corner engineered by Jay Gould collapsed. Stock prices were dropping 5 to 10 points at a time under a flood of selling which was smashing all previous records, until finally traders on the floor of the Exchange were afraid to buy at any price. The inadequacy of the ticker reporting system kept the outside world in ignorance of the prices at which stocks were selling, and for perhaps a half hour or so even the best stocks could find no bidders whatsoever. Theoretically, at least, for a short time nearly every brokerage house and most of the big banks were insolvent.

Around midday, when selling was at its worst, a group of bankers met at the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. They represented banking resources of several billion dollars.

First they compared notes of the situation. They found the credit situation sound, but decided that the stock market needed immediate financial assistance to enable it to do in an orderly manner that which the psychology of fear was preventing it from doing—namely, providing a continuous, free opportunity for stocks to find their proper levels; allowing speculators and investors time to turn around; giving brokers a chance to readjust margins to declining price levels and the banks in turn to adjust loans to the new and lower values of stock collateral.

Accordingly a money pool was quickly formed and orders were sent to the floor of the Exchange to buy pivotal stocks at a "scale down," that is, at progressively lower prices. At no time was it the intention of the banking consortium to stabilize prices at any particular level or to halt permanently the selling. Nor was there any idea of taking stocks out of the market to hold as investments. The supporting group merely sought to give those who were forced to sell or who wished to sell a chance to do so at some price. And they succeeded. The market had a two day breathing spell, and although the decline in the following week was even more severe than it had been on the memorable Thursday, there was no recurrence of panicky conditions.

Banking assistance was by no means confined to the stock market activities of the "consortium." Had it been a really bad panic undoubtedly would have developed. Commercial and private banks early in the decline were faced with the task of taking over something like a billion dollars loaned in the call money market on stock collateral for the account of corporations. For more than a year corporations had taken their surplus cash from deposit in the banks and placed it at the high interest rates prevailing in the call market. This depletion in bank deposits had brought a corresponding decline in bank loans to the call market and in addition the banks which were heavily indebted to the Federal Reserve, were under pressure to cut their loans on securities so long as they were "in the Reserve."

As prices fell less money was needed to carry a given number of shares and the decline brought an increasing amount of substitution of outright owners for stock for those who were carrying stock on borrowed money. That tended to lower interest rates. At the same time the Federal Reserve Board suddenly reversed its tight money policy and poured great sums into the market through its purchases of Government securities and bank bills. Finally the New York Bank went a step further by reducing its discount rate, first to 5 per cent and then to 4½ per cent.

During the last week of October New York City banks increased their loans by approximately $1,300,000,000 partly by borrowing at the Federal Reserve Bank and partly through their greater ability to lend on account of Reserve Bank purchases of Government securities, which lifted member bank reserves. In the same period the total of Federal Reserve Bank credit outstanding rose by $312,000,000, nearly 25 per cent.

Reduction to 4½ per cent in the discount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank quite likely will be followed by lower discount rates at some of the other eleven Reserve Banks. Except New York, all have a 5 per cent rate. A lower discount rate acts to lessen the charge to a member bank of the Reserve system which wishes to borrow money. Borrowings of the member banks are declining rapidly, the city institutions particularly, but the lower rate is important because rates charged on commercial paper and also the bankers acceptance rates follow closely the Reserve Bank's discount rate. A 4½ per cent discount rate means that business men will be able to borrow at about 4¾ per cent, while the export and domestic trade resorting to bankers' bills will find a money market at about 4½. The banks are making credit plentiful and cheap for all uses.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Friendly Englishman

IT WAS INEVITABLE that the letters of Sir Cecil Spring Rice[1], British Ambassador to the United States during the World War, would be published. Their historical importance, the light to be thrown by them on world affairs, demanded it. The present volumes would have been eagerly read had they been merely dull, official documents. Their literary, that is to say their entertainment value, would have been secondary.

The letters of Sir Cecil are, of course, anything but dull. He was, like so many of these charming Englishmen, a correspondent of great skill. During a diplomatic career which began in 1887 and which lasted until 1918, Spring Rice witnessed the sometimes gaudy, often depressing, and occasionally splendid pageant of history unfolding. He was a man of culture. On the whole he saw things clearly. He had, for one so long involved in the tangled mazes of diplomacy, an unusual respect for facts. He was, above all, an excellent reporter who would surely have become a great journalist had he followed that profession.

His outstanding characteristic, perhaps, was a capacity for friendship. To Theodore Roosevelt, whom he first met in 1886 and whom he adored, Sir Cecil was always known as "Springy." Throughout long years, from distant Persia and from Japan, letters from his facile pen sped to men of importance in his home country, to Henry Cabot Lodge in America, to Mrs. Lodge, to Mrs. Roosevelt, to the cynical Henry Adams, and to a dozen others. These men and women were more than casual friends; they were his trusted intimates. He wrote, for the most part, frankly and without reserve.

Anglo-American harmony is no longer startling, even to the most provincial Americans or English. It was a matter for mutual congratulation, but it caused no surprise, that Premier MacDonald and President Hoover should have conferred in this country on the subject of naval limitation. For an American President and an English Premier to have done this as the Nineteenth Century closed, when Spring Rice was first in this country in the '80's, would have been utterly impossible. To England, the United States was a crude and intolerable country. To the United States, England was snobbish, superior, effeminate, grasping, imperialistic. In brief, obnoxious.

Hell Gate Bridge

Illustration by Herbert S. Kates in Ethel Fleming's "New York" (Macmillan)

Cecil Spring Rice, as Mr. Stephen Gwynn in editing the letters properly points out, felt that Anglo-American friendship was one of the few things on earth which had any true significance. The basis for this may have rested in emotional things rather than in diplomatic vision; from the first he liked Americans and was liked by them as few Englishmen have been. Whatever its inception, the result was of the first importance. One is constantly brought back to a realization of the man's capacity for friendship. He was fond of Roosevelt, and so endured that energetic American's early dislike for Great Britain. He liked Cabot Lodge, and endured a similar prejudice on the part of the Massachusetts legislator. He detested the political corruption of those days, he was amused by the dullness and artificiality of Newport, he was shocked by the vulgarity of tobacco-chewing Congressmen.

Yet Cecil Spring Rice saw, even in 1887, that the quarrelsome countries of Europe offered small hope for peace. Peace depended, instead, upon "our race," the English speaking peoples. The early years spent in Washington were the happiest he had known.

"—Now I think of it," he wrote to Mrs. Lodge in 1898, "I have never enjoyed myself so much as in Washington—or in a way which I like to look back on so much."

It was his constant dream that he might return. He did so in 1913 in the august rôle of Ambassador. The crowded years of his life lay just ahead. Spring Rice had long been sending confidential reports to his government warning against the possibility of war with Germany. He had urged preparedness. His work as Ambassador was a fitting conclusion to his years of preaching amicable relations between the United States and his own country. Would America enter the War? Eventually, all of these keen observers from other countries felt, she must. Would, then, her alliance be with the Allies or the Central Powers? On one side in this delicate situation was Spring Rice. On the other was the astute Bernstorff. Both men were criticized. Both, no doubt, engaged in a degree of intrigue. But Spring Rice won.

To the historian, publication of these letters is a long awaited event. They throw much new light on foreign affairs. They demonstrate once again that the conflagration of 1914 had long been smouldering. The historian will need no urging toward the letters of Sir Cecil. I hope that the general reader

1. The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice, a Record. Edited by Stephen Gwynn. Houghton Mifflin, $10.00.

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may be persuaded at least to dip into them. Having done so, he will find it hard to resist even the massive bulk of two volumes. He will discover tales of adventure, descriptions of extraordinary potentates and Kaisers. Spring Rice loved gossip and his letters are filled with it. He was fascinated by people and all the varied men and women he met in thirty years of diplomatic service roam through the pages of his correspondence.

The general reader will find his chief delight, however, in making the acquaintance of Spring Rice himself. He was a rare spirit. It is easy to see why his friendships were so rich and so lasting.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

New Poetry

"LIFE GROWS transparent: what's left us but to light the torches of violence, to line it with invisible fire?" Mary says that in *Dear Judas*[2], the title poem of Robinson Jeffers's new book. That is what Jeffers himself says, always: and he lines life with invisible fire. With the tenderness of savage pity, he lights the torches of his violence. He is one of the rare poets big enough to compass tragedy. *Dear Judas* is a dark, sad drama replayed in the Garden, hundreds of years after the first event, by Judas, Mary and Mary's illegitimate son, whose power was perverted by the first cowardly lie which she let Him believe—that he did have a father, after all, God. Judas sees his Master going mad with delusion and disappointment and thinks to save Him and the people from destruction. It is a terrible drama for those who love the Lord. But in the very Judas who has no faith that Jesus can be Christ is the desperate hopeless wish to be a Christ himself:

> "It would be salvation
> To think that I could willingly
> bear the suffering—if it
> Were possible—for all that lives,
> I alone."

Dear Judas is flares and shadows and black blood; "The Loving Shepherdess," the book's other long poem, is like some low, sweet-smelling bush growing everywhere among the rocks and breaking slowly into incredible white flower; but the roots of the two poems are the same: love of every living creature, terrible consuming pity: the root too deep to be torn out of longing to save the world and solace every conscious thing. "The Loving Shepherdess" is a work of pure art, perhaps the tenderest epic ever written, tragedy which comes gently, like nibbling sheep.

One poem of Leonie Adams is never enough, nor was one book. Her new book, *High Falcon and Other Poems*[3],

Decoration from "The Black Christ and Other Poems" by Countee Cullen (Harper)

deepens but clarifies her quality, resolves her chord. Her consciousness does not modify itself for apprehension, as a dream changes in the telling. Her diction is not music, not poetry, but something odd and right, made of consciousness itself. With her gravity of a wise child goes something robust, lusty. Her awareness does not make her mad, but hardy. She is exceptional and integral and good.

Winifred Welles's second book, *This Delicate Love*[4], takes her as poet's second books should, from romantic association straight to the absolute. As she says, telling of what willows used to remind her,

> "but today
> The actual willow, the fact of a tree
> Is fanciful and beautiful enough for me"

Detachment is in her as closely as her heart, and she has the silent crystal wisdom which it gives.

Letters to Women[5] by Joseph Auslander is disappointing. The poems are not so much to as about eight women of renown. The poet explains Elinor Wylie, Amy Lowell, Emily Dickinson, Duse, Poe's wife, Fanny Brawne, Sappho and Lot's wife to a world which already knew them pretty well. He finds in these women "certain qualities of mind and heart which we are in desperate need of today." His purpose is "to discuss with my dead ladies, as of to-day, certain problems in ethics upon the honest solution of which, it would appear, our entire civilization rests." But many readers will wonder why the poet, with such splendid material, has not shown more good taste or originality of thought.

Countee Cullen's title poem, *The Black Christ*[6], is a moving mystical Negro poem about Christ, who comes to be lynched in place of a black man. The love and exaltation of this poem help to wipe away the bitterness which is sometimes felt in Mr. Cullen's work.

Song and Laughter[7] by Arthur Guiterman is his best work, authentic light verse which has a place and virtue of its own. He has a genuine flair for the delicate ironic quatrain, and for those long lines which act as the vehicle for rhymes of many syllables.

Other interesting new poetry is to be found in *Forty-Nine Poems*[8] by W. H. Davies, a delicious selection of that poet's golden verse, selected and illustrated by Jacynth Parsons. *The Selected Poems of Conrad Aiken*[9], *Tilted Moons*[10] by S. Foster Damon, *New Legends*[11] by Hervey Allen, and in the 1929 Braithwaite *Anthology*,[12], and Maoult *Anthology*[13].

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

The Week's Reading

"Why not review The Odyssey as though it were a new book that you never had seen before," wrote the publishers, sending us a copy of the new edition of George Herbert Palmer's translation[14] with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. Why not? Because it would be a bold man who could hope to rid his mind of impressions which have been piling up in Western minds since the dawn of the Western day; a bold man, or the victim of a complete amnesia. It

2. Horace Liveright, $2.50.
3. The John Day Co., $2.50.
4. The Viking Press, $1.50.
5. Harper and Bros., $2.00.
6. Harper and Bros., $2.00.
7. E. P. Dutton and Co., $2.50.
8. Cape and Smith, $2.50.
9. Scribners, $3.50.
10. Harper, $2.00.
11. Farrar and Rinehart, $2.00.
12. Geo. Sully and Co., $4.00.
13. Harcourt, Brace and Co., $2.50.
14. Houghton Mifflin Co., $5.00.

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might be reviewed in the manner of *The Dial*, the arcane applied to the open; of *The New Yorker*, the flippant applied to the eternal; of *As I Like It*, the banal applied to the noble; or, after the manner of all reviewers, Homer might be praised for striking a new note. This reviewer had as soon try to review "Now I Lay Me." Only a Greek scholar could discuss the technical excellences of Palmer's translation. Admired since it first appeared some forty years ago, it is fresher reading than the more familiar Lang and Butcher, and Palmer's introduction, especially the paragraph on the Homeric style, is splendid. But no prose translation gives the authentic "surge and thunder" which some of the metrical ones approach; and the prose has a slight ingenuousness which is not quite the same as the simplicity of the original. Wyeth's illustrations are rather Maxfield Parrish, and not as satisfactory as some which he has made. The edition is handsome and should go at once onto many Christmas lists.

The unusual setting of *Joe Pete*[15], a novel by Florence E. McClinchey, is an Indian reservation in the Northern Michigan woods. The book, for all its true story kind of realism, is highly idealistic in theme. Joe Pete, the Ojibway boy, is a thoroughbred among half-breeds, a reincarnation of the traditional Indian virtues among the sodden, dispirited victims of civilization. We see him as a baby giving his wretched mother her only happy year, as a boy, watching over his half-brothers and sisters, pathetic, mongrel mementos of the passage through the woods of hearty lumberman, shame-faced gentleman camper, vicious foreign land-shark. We see him winning the confidence and support of decent Indians, white villagers, the school mistress, the governor of the state. Finally, we see him freed by fortuitous accidents from the burden of his family, heading for the success to which all American boys aspire. The details of the story are over-sentimental and smack somewhat of "inspirational literature," but the novel as a whole gives no such impression. The story is probably a true one, certainly the characters have the quality of reality and the events follow no artificial sequence. Miss McClinchey transmits to her readers the honest sympathy and admiration which she feels for her hero. Joe Pete is not an unusual literary achievement, but it is a fresh and touching story, well told. *A Short History of Chinese Civilization*[16] by Richard Wilhelm, with an introduction by Dr. Lionel Giles, and *The Legacy of Sun Yatsen*[17] by Gustav Amann are two books which will interest the sinophile. They supplement each other in an unusual way. Dr. Wilhelm, with a simplicity and clarity which will make his book acceptable to non-scholars, writes an authoritative history of China. Modern Chinese history begins in the Tenth Century! Dr. Wilhelm devotes three quarters of his book to a history of the periods which preceded it, since it was those remote ages which gave to Chinese civilization its peculiar and vital qualities; and he closes his study with the appearance of Europeans in China. Dr. Amann writes an extremely readable biography of Sun Yatsen, which he develops into a history of the Chinese revolution. While not comparable with Dr. Wilhelm's book in scope, scholarship, literary excellence or importance, it is the only book we have seen which gives a comprehensible picture of contemporary China.

Unheralded by fanfare of advertisement, *The Wet Flanders Plain*[18] by Henry Williamson emerges from the mass of War books as the most beautiful and the most terrible. Henry Williamson, the English prose writer and nature mystic, has revisited the scenes of his War years, and in a diary weaves the past and present into a series of scenes, pure and strange and deeply stirring. This reviewer has read the book too recently and been too profoundly impressed by it to give it the usual review. Read it and listen. The other fine War books are the whirlwind. This is the still small voice.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Whiteoaks of Palna, by Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown. Another vivid story of the Whiteoaks family which solves some of its problems. Reviewed Sept. 11.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. Walpole's London and Polchester are the background for this story of a middle-aged writer who was caught in "things" and how he freed himself.

Another Day, by Jeffery Farnol: Little, Brown. Modern story of love and adventure in the manner made famous by The Broad Highway.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

July '14, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This deals with who was responsible for the World War, and finds that all Europe was guilty.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, by David Loth: Brentano's. Clever rather than scholarly, this chronicle of a gorgeous period is nevertheless vivid and of absorbing interest.

Marriage and Morals, by Bertrand Russell: Liveright. A courageous and valuable study of modern marriage which should be widely read. Reviewed Oct. 23.

Richelieu, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. His Career is contrasted to that of Bismark and other great diplomatists of modern times.

Behind the Blurbs

WE HAVE hesitated to give you a review of the new Encyclopedia Brittanica. Not that we felt any lack of confidence in our ability adequately to pass judgment on this great compendium of human knowledge. We simply have the feeling that no one should review a book he hasn't read through, and the new Brittanica contains about 35 million words. We might as well confess that we haven't even looked at all the pictures, for there are 15,000 of them. We looked at a lot of them, though. They were what impressed us most. They are well selected and beautifully reproduced. Also, they're not just decorations; they really illustrate. This 14th Edition is much less exclusively British than even the 11th, pub. in 1910. American subjects are adequately covered. We have Gene Tunney on Boxing in America, "Roxy" on Stage Lighting, Milton C. Work on Auction Bridge, Lillian Gish on the motion picture—to mention some of the more popular subjects. The entire effort of the editors has been to "humanize" the knowledge they present—to explain things in terms the average person can easily grasp. Some subjects of course are too technical to be covered entirely in this way. Nevertheless the introductions to even such subjects are written simply and clearly. We do not believe that the Brittanica loses any of its authority for being readable and understandable. It is

15. Henry Holt & Co., $2.50.
16. Viking Press, $4.00.
17. Carrier, $3.75.
18. E. D. Dutton and Co., $2.50.

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something more today than a library book of reference; it is a practical guide to our daily occupations and avocations. There are for instance 15 articles on the management of retail stores, articles on home sewing, household marketing and budgeting, 200 articles on gardening, which contain practical advice, with pictures and plans. The articles tell you how to do things, from painting a house to painting a picture, from giving first aid in accidents to binding books. Or you can read Watson on Behaviorism, Einstein on space-time, James Harvey Robinson on Civilization or Elihu Root on the Court of International Justice. Pick whatever subject you please, you have it presented by the recognized authority. The new Brittanica is up to date, comprehensive, and more *useful* than ever before. Peggy Hopkins Joyce is writing a book for Macaulay called *Men Marriage and Me*. This ought to be the last word on the question—whatever the question is—and if there still is a question in anybody's mind. ☙ ☙ ☙ Hamlin Garland plans to make Calif. his winter home. He is building a house in Hollywood for his daughter Isabel. His new book, *Roadside Meetings*, will be pub. in the spring by Macmillan. ☙ ☙ ☙ Messrs. Cantwell, Sykes, Kunitz, Endore, Caldwell and Vogel are 6 authors who, appearing in the *American Caravan* this year, have since found publishers. ☙ ☙ ☙ Hermann Hagedorn has writ inspirational book for boys: *The Book of Courage*[19]. Stories of 30 heroes, from Socrates to Lindbergh. Well illustrated; style lively, with occasional soft spots. W. J. Locke's *Ancestor Jorico*[20] tells of four cousins who cruise to the West Indies in search of treasure buried by piratical ancestor, in discovery of which Jones, the deaf and dumb valet, plays a surprising part. A pleasant, old-fashioned kind of story. Though we have only sneers for the upright heroine, who wouldn't touch the pirate gold because 'twas "tainted." ☙ ☙ ☙ The Catholic Book Club makes G. K. Chesterton's *The Poet and the Lunatics*[21] its November selection. But to us, Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes and humors are becoming too fine-spun and far fetched, and his plots too imponderable. Time was when we phoned in our order as soon as a new Chesterton was announced. Now we go to our shelves and reread an old one. We read half of this new one in line of duty, then laid it aside and took up *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*. It's

(Please Turn to Page 520)

19. Winston, $2.00.
20. Dodd Mead, $2.50.
21. Dodd, Mead, $2.50.

The American Malaise

As Seen Through Recent Books

FOR SOME TIME PAST, a gathering body of social criticism has been investing the citadel of American economics. The age of muck-raking and of political radicalism has yielded to a dispassionate disapproval of the bases of our economic life, and is slowly yielding a formula and a programme for an industrial counter-revolution in the United States.

The task of diagnosis has never been so effectively performed as by James Truslow Adams in *Our Business Civilization. Some Aspects of American Culture* (Albert & Charles Boni, $3). With a brilliant, sure touch he lays bare the diseased tissues of the body politic and, in a series of profoundly stimulating essays, suggests the cure. "In making the business men the dominant and sole class in America," he writes, "that country is making the experiment of resting her civilization on the ideas of business men . . . Can a great civilization be built up and maintained upon the philosophy of the counting house and the sole basic idea of a profit?" He observes that "one of the outstanding features of life to-day is its frightful and steadily increasing cost." He sees us living in "the new frontier country of the Standard (of Living)," unable to spare the time or the energy to enjoy life. He makes the plea for more contemplative and less material an existence.

> "We have been 'doing' for three hundred years. We have cleared and settled a continent. We have accumulated the most colossal store of material power and resources the world has ever seen. Is it not time that we began to think what to do with all our means, what the end is that we wish to attain?"

His conclusion is a demand for greater individual originality in the conduct of life and a refusal to accept the dollar sign as the common denominator of civilization: "The road of conformity is merely the road back to savagery."

Even such an observer as Count Hermann Keyserling, who is determined to say the popular thing in his 180,000-word brochure, *America Set Free* (Harper $5), while noting "the general good-will, the lack of jealousy, envy and resentment in the United States, as opposed to what we see in all poverty-stricken countries, in which poverty really does mean privation of what makes up the joy of life," is skeptical as to the values of our social thought, which he relegates to a consideration of man as a simple animal. He particularly notes "the lack of talented men in the political field."

> "In Europe (he observes) a talented statesman, scientist, or artist could or can be underpaid, because he always was and still is—considered so immeasurably superior in quality to any man who is merely able to make money, that inferiority in material means really only compensates overwhelming advantages. There is no equivalent to this point of view in American public opinion. The latter simply does not believe in the intrinsic value of genius and talent. It does not really believe in it even in the domain of business . . . Exceptional salaries are paid simply because such salaries are proved to be profitable and remunerative to those who pay them: no employer knows or would admit that talent is of value in itself."

It has, however, remained for a trained and objective economist, Ralph Borsodi, to outline the programme for an industrial counter-revolution which will end this deplorable mass-production era. In *This Ugly Civilization* (Simon & Schuster. $3), he has hold of a dynamic idea which, coupled with the intellectual plea of Adams, holds out the hope of salvation. Mr. Borsodi plans to turn the machine against the factory, and to utilize hydro-electric energy to restore that "cottage industry" which the factory displaced. He feels that "it would be poetic justice if electricity drawn from the myriads of long neglected small streams of the country should provide the power for an industrial counter-revolution." His plan is that we should "make for ourselves all the things we need and desire which we can produce for ourselves in less time than we should have to spend earning the money to buy them." His scheme is, therefore, the application of Gandhi's principles, coupled perhaps with a touch of Sun Yatsen's boycott, to American production. The objective is the elimination of the factory system of production by domestic machinery. "The idea that mankind's comfort is dependent upon an unending increase in production is a falsity."

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Leaves from the Notebook of a Tamed Cynic

by Reinhold Niebuhr

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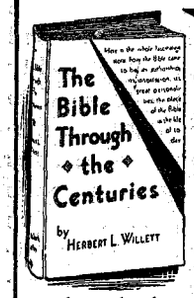

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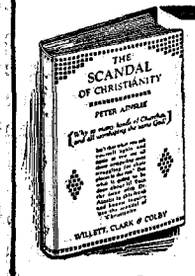

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"It is the factory," he proclaims, "not the machine, which encourages wastefulness and which makes us measure products in terms of money instead of in terms of the labor involved in making them and the worth of the materials of which they are composed."

He readily admits that his scheme would cause wide-spread misery and unemployment at its inception, but what of that? "Mankind did not shrink from the industrial revolution—why should it shrink from the counter-revolution." He notes the development of cheap electrical apparatus for the home and farm, which is already making what he calls "the organic homestead" increasingly possible. He observes that, although domestic consumers are now charged nearly six times as much for electric current as are the factories, "the electric power industry is beginning to discover that domestic production furnishes an almost unlimited market for its product." He might have added that the Department of Commerce's "Super-Power" project and its attendant programme for "the decentralization of industry" is absolutely four-square with his plan for "counter-revolution." So, despite the pessimism of both Adams and Borsodi, there is light on the horizon. If the electric power and electro-technical companies see a chance for profit, they will be as inconsiderate of vested factory production as Mr. Ford et al. were of vested railway transportation. Thus the civilization based upon "the sole idea of a profit" may carry within its womb the avenger of the wrongs of this generation.

As illustrative of what the "counter-revolution" may mean to that generation, *The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge* (Cosmopolitan. $3) is notable. The picture of the self-sustaining, self-respecting social, political and economic life of Plymouth Notch, in the boyhood of the recent President, is like a view of the lost Atlantis, a vision of the Golden Age. By a curious quirk, a statesman who prized above all else the values of the old "cottage civilization" became the protagonist of the "factory civilization" in the popular mind. "The old things have passed away," writes Mr. Coolidge, "giving place to a glory never before experienced by any people of our world." He adds, however,—and this addition marks him as a social prophet of the past rather than of the present scheme of things,—"there is no dignity so impressive, and no independence quite so important, as living within your means." In the age of instalment-selling and at a time when national thrift would be a national industrial calamity, this is manifest heresy. "Nature is inexorable," he writes. "If men do not follow the truth they cannot live." The present malaise in America is due to an uneasy conviction that we have not been following the truth in staking all on mass-production and on the monetary ideal as the basis of our national life.

As if to set off the irreconcilable conceptions which are responsible for this unrest, there has just appeared the memoirs of Georges Clemenceau, the "Tiger," the war-time Premier of Republican France, whose book, *In the Evening of My Thought* (Two Volumes. Houghton Mifflin Co., $12.50), stands in inevitable contrast to the work of our own ex-President. Here you have the intellect, the genius, the talent, the poetry and glow of life, as it has never been revealed in an American statesman. What American politician could pen this magnificent epitaph—300,000 words in all—reconstructing the thought of an entire age, in the spirit of the Summa Theologiae of an Aquinas? Coolidge is famous for his silence. Clemenceau writes, "All my life I have lived on noise, and now I hear the muffled tread of silence." "Life devours the passing hours," he observes, "which the world seems to consider as a running account—until the date of payment inexorably comes, and we must settle for items which have become meaningless to us." He is in arms against "the sinister coalition of feeble thought, of weak character, of slavish imitation, of the blind urge of organic atavism, of the furies of disguised self-interest—the universal league of all failures." Witty, sardonic, and profound, Clemenceau's book is a mine of ideas and of intellectual discipline.

It is the hope of seeing such a tradition as this developed in the United States that such men as Adams and Borsodi write, and that the "cultured minority" suffers and perseveres in the face of the herd and the leaders of the herd, the "quantity-minded" men who make millions of radio sets and automatic ice-boxes, without seeing that thereby they are enabling our industrial civilization to cut its own throat. Of the group of volumes herein considered, *Our Business Civilization* is pre-eminent in its vigor, profundity, and scholarship. It is an introduction to a subject which deserves the attention of all thoughtful people, and which demands a solution unless we are prepared to have our race and nation go the way of Carthage and of every other system which preferred credit to prosperity and profits to genius.

John Carter.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

THE QUESTION of the "new clothes" rises fast and furiously to the fore once more in the newest Broadway musical show *Heads Up*—Aaron's and Freedley's bid for favor at the Alvin Theatre. No Hoboken beer-garden of the Gay Nineties allows the chorus to beg the question this time, as in *Sweet Adeline*; nor is plaintive romance seen coming to the rescue as in *Bitter Sweet*. Instead it's *Heads Up* and face the music—and in the new and longer dresses; in ballrooms, aboard yachts, at garden parties and dances.

And what a monkey wrench they do throw!

Consider the military drill girls, for an instant! Those familiar Sixteen Gertrude Hoffman - Tiller - Donohue-Chester Hale girls. Then think of Betty Starbuck dragging around a long velvet curtain with a pound of wet sand in the hem. (It is the hem, isn't it?) Ponder back on the antics of the Cape Cod girls, the free and easy Jazz girls, the athletic Pony chorus girls. And then think of them all doing their stuff—modern steps to modern music—in the still newer clinging fashion plates; and out of the jarring combat you will have an idea of the heroism of the night scenes in *Heads Up*. In fact, we would say the chorus of this show fight what is easily the hardest battle since Waterloo. Seeing them, we are convinced that the new fashion has more than mere woman to conquer: beyond the Alps lies jazz music and modern dancing—a whole new tempo in manners, rhythm and mood; one quite different from the world we have known since November 11th, 1918.

Maybe the Fashion Satraps will win—perhaps the great soul of woman is yearning for a new expression of the emotional world weariness—we don't pretend to know. But they had better call in George Gershwin and Rodgers and Hart and Irving Berlin right now. Jerome Kern must be way back in the Fifties by this time anyway, so he won't bother. But it is going to take a great deal more than costume shows of other days to put across a musical comedy victory in the newer styles.

What a relief when afternoon comes in the yacht club, and the short skirts put in their appearance once more! It's the only opportunity for a jest which Victor Moore misses in the entire length of *Heads Up*—which to our mind is one long triumph for that slightly anxious, more than hopeful, ever obliging and pathetically tender-hearted comedian.

Just a lowly ship's cook, he is, this time—on a fancy yacht; but caught in the good old dilemma: between the Prohibition Bureau detective who knows he has done time thrice before (and is common enough to point out that a fourth time means life imprisonment), and the yacht captain who is really doing the rum running, but is somewhat fanciful in handling his revolver on traitors among his crew. Not since Victor Moore and Gertrude Lawrence served that horrible meal to the unwelcome guests four years ago has he been so funny, nor so genuinely believable.

Even in his cooking inventions, with the runways for the eggs, and the elusive sausage in the cabinet—even where his stuff was most hackneyed and his interpretation reminiscent of Ed Wynne, he was still extraordinarily amusing. He is easily the star in what starts out as a rather commonplace musical comedy and then surprises the beholder by turning into an exceedingly entertaining affair, with moments of charm and at least two haunting melodies—one of which "A Ship Without a Sail" is of *Show Boat* quality, and is arrestingly sung by male voices.

Good dancing in pairs and solo, flavors the piece. And it contains the most laughable Kibitzer bridge hand yet presented — with the Kibitzer himself bidding his victim's hands up to Seven No trump, Double, Re-Double; only to turn upon the last unfortunate with the bitter but familiar: "You'll never make it!"

The net result is a good evening at the theatre; but not a memorable one; if you except one solo dance by (we think) Ray Bolger.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Many Waters
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- Porgy
- Karl and Anna
- It's a Wise Child

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
- Gambling
- Scarlet Pages
- Let Us Be Gay
- Hot Chocolates
- Whoopee
- Sketch Book
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light
- June Moon

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
- Jenny
- Among the Married
- Street Singer
- New Moon
- Criminal Code
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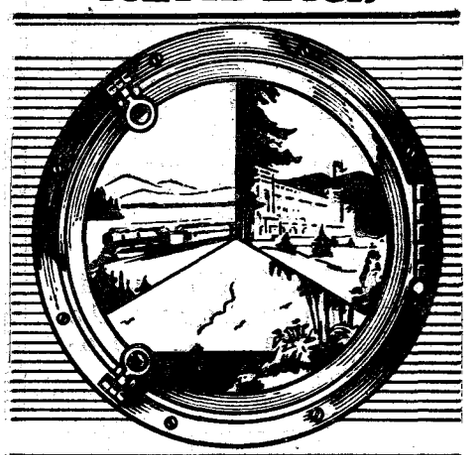

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

The Newsreel Theatre

THAT POWERFUL potentate of filmdom, Mr. William Fox, who got that way by having profitable ideas every so often, has now had another one.

The Embassy Theatre in New York—"The Newsreel Theatre"—is said to have grossed $12,000 in its first week, charging an admission of twenty-five cents and running fourteen hours a day. Its program consists entirely of newsreels and short talking presentations of people in the news. As "spot" news develops and is filmed (or is filmed and developed) the reel is rushed to Mr. Fox's Embassy and shown forthwith; thus, the Embassy program is apt to change daily, at least in part, and changes completely once a week.

One may drop in for half an hour or so and see a wide variety of stimulating and informative screen matter. For example, we heard that model dinner guest, the Honorable Smith A. Brookhart, giving the lowdown on the party at which he sat between Otto H. Kahn and a Mr. Loomis. In conversational vein ("I sez to him—he sez to me—") the good Senator relates how he came to go to the dinner; of the "English, or Scotch" whisky he there noted, in silver flasks; of the noble indignation that was his. And so on, and so forth.

If more U. S. Senators can be prevailed upon to make equally intimate appearances before the American people, the A. P. will, we venture to predict, react by exercising their franchise with more prudence.

So the program goes; and we can think of no better way to get an entertaining slant at the whole cross-section of the tawdry, inspiring, cock-eyed age we live in than thirty or forty minutes with the newsreels, as Mr. Fox arranges them. And all for the modest sum of two bits, one quarter of a dollar.

"The Love Doctor"

THIS VERY average talkie was "adapted" from a most pleasant stage play of a decade back, *The Boomerang*. The play was about a doctor who, to cure a young man patient of lovesickness, details a pretty nurse to console him and, incidentally, to make the young man's girl jealous. No sooner is the experiment under way than the doctor discovers that he is in love with the nurse; and the lovesickness and jealousy he goes through on his own account put his patient's afflictions in the shade.

In *The Boomerang* of the stage, Arthur Byron played the doctor, the late Wallace Eddinger the dying swain, and a lovely Swede, named Martha Hedman, the nurse.

Hoping that Richard Dix, June Collyer and other screen luminaries might do, say, half as well with the screen version, we went to see *The Love Doctor*. We found a pallid, wise-cracking farce, as different from the amusing original as their titles are different. Much more of this butchering of good plots to make a Grauman holiday, and the movie magnates will force some outraged onlooker to rewrite the old nursery rhyme so that it reads: "Adaptation brings vexation."

"Marianne"

MARION DAVIES has her adherents and, therefore, there is an excellent chance that her first talking picture will be a box-office success.

Marianne presents Miss Davies as a French peasant girl completely surrounded by American soldiery. The story is by *The Big Parade* out of *What Price Glory*, but it is a child of their old age and should be held against neither of them. Their family was large enough as it was, and they should get in touch with Mrs. Margaret Sanger, who will answer in plain envelope.

Miss Davies employs a creditable French accent and Lawrence Grey sings nicely; Cliff Edwards is there, needless to say, with his ukelele. But these factors were only faint mitigations in a vast welter of overdone tripe.

Now Showing

Disraeli:—Some people are calling this George Arliss picture the best talkie ever made. Yes or no, it's a fine achievement.

Condemned:—The author and star of Bulldog Drummond get together again, but not with equal success. The story is weak.

Welcome Danger:—No Harold Lloyd picture should ever be missed, this one least of all.

Sweetie:—A very popular, but very foolish comedy with music, featuring Nancy Carroll, Jack Oakie and Helen Kane.

Applause:—Helen Morgan in an uneven talkie.

The Trespasser:—Gloria Swanson is personable in a spotty melodrama, mostly second rate.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Portrait of a Young Girl

WHEN the news first came to her it struck her sharply, like a forgotten pain. Forty years had gone by since she had first expected it. Her heart knocked unmercifully upon her brain, as she remembered the delight, the certainty of that expectation. Forty years is too long to wait for anything. Even a picture.

Now that it had been found, she decided finally, she had better do what she could about it. The portrait was on exhibition, her friends told her. There was no doubt about its being the same one. Well, she would go and look at it. She would go to the owner and present her claims. The portrait was hers, certainly. She had sat for it and had waited for it, now through forty years of living. She had better act quickly for she was growing old and had not many years left in which to look at it.

But the city where the portrait now hung was far from home, and on her journey to meet it, to look again at that forgotten face, she felt a growing depression. Yes, she thought, forty years is too long to wait. The picture belonged to her of course, but it was that young girl to whom it had belonged really. And she knew a growing resentment because of her own thoughts. Was she, herself, not still that young girl? Who had been cheated of her portrait for over forty years? Of something else, too; of an innocent pride—a delight in the reflection of one's own youth and beauty. For a painted portrait hanging on a wall, could say in triumph what one's self could never say; it preserved, through the hand and perception of another person, the seal and stamp of its own personality. She had felt all this in those early days of bitter disappointment; but now, on her way at last to look at it, she was old enough to put it into words. To see what it was that she had lost.

At last the journey ended. At last she was in the gallery. With that painful knocking of the heart going on all over again, she was standing beneath her portrait. Herself, as a young girl.

Yes, she had been young and beautiful—and in Paris. And as she stood there looking, a strange thing happened to her. The knocking of her heart quieted, but from that quietness a sense of being frightened stole through her. Had she grown old as fast as this? Was it possible that forty years could have made one into another person?

Of course, when the portrait had been painted she had scarcely lived at all. She had given the young painter her address—he had promised to ship the portrait—and she had come home to America. To love, to marriage, to forty years of living. All she knew she had learned since then. She had known suffering and disappointment and disillusion. Happiness, too. But that girl in the portrait, looking at her with a shy and eager wonder—that was not herself. She had lost that girl. Forty years had stolen her.

FIERCELY, she reassured herself. At least the portrait was hers. She could remember youth in looking at it. She would be able to identify her own feelings, thoughts, with that face. She had looked like that. She had felt that way, about having her portrait painted. She remembered how young and serious the painter had been, too. Intent upon getting it just right. An art student, and poor—but he could paint. Every one had assured her of that. And he had saved her youth for her. In front of her. On a piece of canvas.

She could hardly wait to set about reclaiming it. She would find the owners and tell them the story of the young painter who had shipped the portrait—of the delay and disappointment—her struggle to trace the lost picture—her despair of ever finding it, until now. Any one must know that the picture was hers by rights.

She left the gallery confident of possessing youth and hope. Long afterwards she learned what were her rights. Long afterwards, when she had talked with the owners; had followed the portrait from one city to another, through loans and exhibitions, through changes of ownership, and at last in desperation had appealed to the courts. The forty years since youth had slipped into fifty on the day when she was told by learned judges that according to law the painting now belonged to others. After her death it would be bequeathed by others. Unless, (it was made plain to her) she could afford to buy it, the portrait of that young girl could never belong to her again.

With that decision she realized in despair that the painter had become too famous—the price had mounted too high. She could never pay for it.

She was old.

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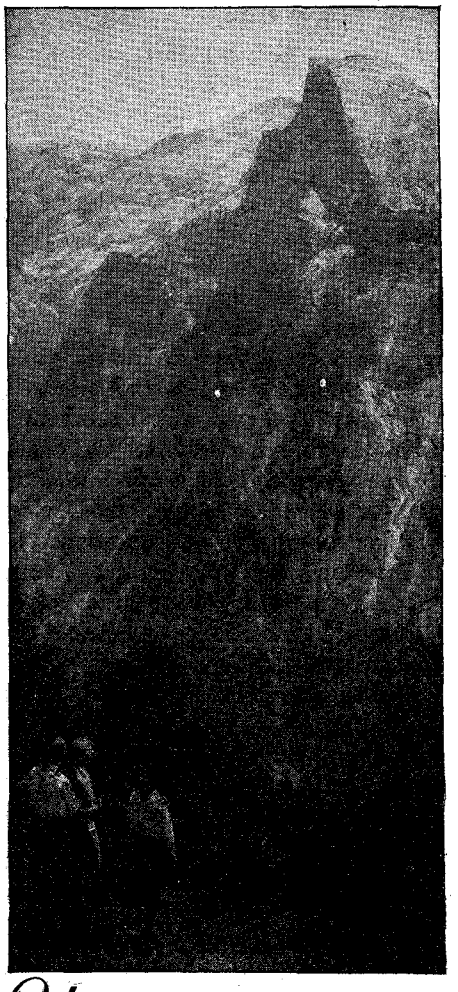

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The Quest for Converts

(Continued from Page 505)

to their intelligence, and not to be swept away upon the emotional tide. Wallace W. Wright, the son of a Universalist clergyman of Lynn, addressed to Mrs. Glover a questionnaire consisting of nine questions which he requested her to answer by number before he joined her class. Question one asked, "Upon what principle is your science founded?" To which Mrs. Glover replied, "On God, the principle of man." The other questions were upon such matters as whether a knowledge of anatomy is necessary to the success of the practitioner; to which she replied that it is a hindrance instead of a help since "anatomy belongs to knowledge and the science I teach, to God, one is the tree whereof Wisdom forbade man to partake, the other is the 'tree of life.'" He asks whether the science will meet the demands of extreme and acute cases, and she answers that it will, beyond all other known methods of healing, "it is in acute and extreme cases that this science is seen most clearly in its demonstrations over matter." He asks whether a knowledge of disease is necessary to effect cures. She answers that "this 'knowledge' is what science comes to destroy." To his question, "Does it admit of universal application?" she answers that it does "even to raising or restoring those called dead," adding that she has witnessed this herself, and can therefore testify to what she has seen. He asks whether the theory has ever been advertised, or practised before she introduced it or by any other individual. She replies that it was never advertised, "and practised by only one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me.," who had "made it his research for twenty-five years, starting from the standpoint of magnetism, thence going forward and leaving that behind." She adds that she discovered the art in a moment's time "and he acknowledged it to me," and that since his death eight years ago she had been founding and demonstrating the science. She bids him preserve this letter, and "if you become my student call me to account for the truth of what I have written."

These replies seem to have overcome Mr. Wright's scepticism, and he became one of the most enthusiastic members of her class. In June of 1871, he went to Knoxville, Tennessee, to assist an earlier student in the practice he had established there. According to his own story published later in the Lynn *Transcript*, they met with success in the majority of their cases but some of them utterly refused to yield to the treatment. And very soon after he had settled in Knoxville, he "began to question the propriety of calling this treatment 'Moral Science' instead of mesmerism. Away from the influence of argument which the teacher of this so-called science knows how to bring to bear upon students with such force as to outweigh any attempts they may make at the time to oppose it, I commenced to think more independently, and to argue with myself as to the truth of the positions we were called upon to take. The result of this course was to convince me that I had studied the science of mesmerism."

This reversal of feeling on his part seems to have been a considerable blow to his intellectual pride. He promptly wrote Mrs. Glover from Knoxville demanding a return of his three hundred dollars tuition, as well as compensation for the two hundred dollars his venture had cost him. He then returned to Lynn and called on Mrs. Glover with a repetition of his request, and in January, 1872, published an open letter in the Lynn *Transcript*, telling his story and warning others against being taken in.

Mrs. Glover published a reply in the *Transcript* saying that Mr. Wright had made an unreasonable demand to which she had refused to accede, whereupon he had said to her that if she did not refund the money he had demanded, he would prevent her ever having another class in the city. Commending him to "first take a bucket and dip the Atlantic dry," she declared that her remaining years would be devoted to the cause she had espoused "to teach and to demonstrate the Moral and Physical Science that can heal the sick."

The controversy went on filling columns of the *Transcript* for several weeks, and on February 10, 1872, Mr. Wright ended his contribution with a challenge:

> "And in conclusion I publicly challenge Mrs. Mary Baker Glover to demonstrate her science by any of the following methods, promising, if she is successful, to retract all I have said, and humble myself by asking forgiveness publicly for the course I have taken. Her refusal to do this, by silence or otherwise, shall be considered a failure of her cause:
>
> 1st: To restore the dead to life again as she claims she can.
>
> 2nd: To walk upon the water without the aid of artificial means as she claims she can.
>
> 3rd: To live 24 hours without air, or 24 days without nourishment of any kind without it having any effect upon her.
>
> 4th: To restore sight when the optic nerve has been destroyed.
>
> 5th: To set and heal a broken bone without the aid of artificial means.
>
> I am respectfully,
> W. W. Wright.

Mrs. Glover allowed the challenge to rest unanswered upon the already overcharged air of Lynn, and Mr. Wright thereupon announced triumphantly in the *Transcript* that Mrs. Glover and her science were practically dead and buried, which, as Georgine Milmine happily says, "certainly suggests that the gift of prophecy was denied him."

(To Be Continued)

Opiates for the Masses

(Continued from Page 487)

fiction. Carlyle's cynicism, for instance, has been changed to read, "every valet is a hero to himself." So is every broker's clerk and druggist's assistant, every college boy, farmhand and garage mechanic. In order to vindicate such absurd opinions the qualities possessed by these ipso facto mediocrities are exalted above the characteristics of higher but less populous types of humanity. A magazine which boasts more than two and a half million readers constantly publishes stories which make the sole point that the commonplace man is preferable to the original and unique individual.

It is flattering testimony to the technical skill developed by our authors that through petty variations they have been able to make these thin, monotonously recurring themes palatable not merely to the immature intellects for whose benefit the tales are published but also diverting to intelligent readers. Though their swift scenarios of sentimental and sensational incidents depend on a primary sort of uncertainty as to the outcome of an obvious situation, they are so skilful in the manipulation of details that the narrative retains the elements of suspense. They have so thoroughly mastered the craft of anecdotal writing that they can interest and amuse even as acrobatic clowns can entertain an audience by sheer skill and ingenuity. This practical knowledge of mechanical devices, this perfected craftsmanship of the artisan, is now acquired in courses which teach short story writing as trade schools teach carpentry, stenography and textile design.

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How much of real talent and creative genius goes pitiably astray through the uncritical belief that this tawdry fiction is literature cannot be determined, nor need it be too greatly deplored. The commercial literateurs have their rewards in the considerable financial returns for their work and—there are those who desire it—in popular approval and adulation. What is far more lamentable is the deliberate or unconscious capitulation of our best authors to the demands of the pandering magazines. For, despite the fact that these authors are free to write what they please, they usually end by writing what pleases. The results are seldom as trashy as the average output of the general practitioners of American fiction but they are all characterized by near-excellence rather than by artistic distinction. They are a species of fictional journalism. And the difference between art and journalism is not a matter of theme and style but of clear vision, subtle ratiocination, and honest presentation of life's realities.

The first step in the compromise which these truly great writers make to public demand is the modification of the patterns they see as artists to resemble the conventional designs which are understood and applauded by the masses. But they must be more elementary than that to hold intercourse with ignorance; they must renounce their literary heritage. To build on Swift or Cervantes, to take for granted Homer, Shakespeare or even the Bible is simply to leave the world in which the mob has its being; it is like uttering a theorem in co-ordinate geometry to those who barely know their multiplication tables. No idea, no situation, no character is axiomatic. Each author must start at the beginning and must remain in the primary forms. Hence other concessions follow until potentially great work is forced into the strait-jacket of conformity.

Superficially it may appear that venality moves these writers to betray their allegiance to art. But while mercenary reasons may actuate a few of them, it would be absurd as well as untrue to make this a general charge. Something more basic and more insidious than the emoluments of popular writing effects the change. It is, I believe, that twofold influence which Goethe implied in his observation,

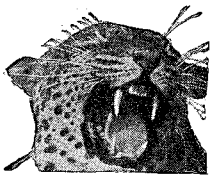
Woran die Menge glaubt
Ist leicht zu glauben!

For it is not only easy to believe what the crowd believes because the way of the conformer is smooth and pleasant, but it is also easy to accept the gods and convictions of the masses because there is a steady pressure on the individual to run with the pack. This pressure is exerted in great things and small; it readily furnishes the individual with hundreds of plausible excuses for his surrender; empirically it vindicates itself and its victims. But, nevertheless, it is incontrovertibly the most vicious enemy of the artist as it is the most dire impediment to the spiritual growth of mankind.

In Europe the artist is aided to resist this debasing influence by an aristocratic tradition which, while it in no way interferes with the compassionate understanding of and the profound sympathy with the masses, certainly inculcates the feeling that their judgments are neither relevant to aesthetic values nor competent to determine literary achievement. The democratic ideals of America, on the other hand, have extended the influence of the mob into the realm of aesthetics where it has no more place or right than in science. These ideals have sanctioned what the vast purchasing power of the masses enabled them to assume: namely, the participation of the undeveloped taste and the uncritical mind in establishing standards and patterns for our literature. Best sellers may be the temptation but democratic ideals are the conscience salve for justifying such changes as our writing is undergoing, in no respect beneficial and in most phases utterly debasing.

The short story is a medium which contains the essence of objective writing; in it the creative urge is neither as exacting nor as insistent as in the novel or drama, with the result that it is easier for even those authors who are not constructing amusing inanities for the sake of the income to emasculate and simplify what they envisage and realize until these things bear no resemblance to what really inspired them to utterance. But novel and drama and criticism show just as clearly as the short story our writers' surrender to the vulgar. What other explanation is there for the fact that neither Edna Ferber nor Booth Tarkington have produced an American *Comédie Humaine* when an obviously greater skill and talent than Balzac's seeps through the pages of their trivialities? Why is H. L. Mencken a raving revivalist, George Nathan a bumptious clown, and Henry S. Canby a village schoolmaster if it is not to communicate with minds incapable of

South Africa



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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE REFUSAL TO ALLOW Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes to speak on the subject of civil liberties at the University of Pittsburgh has brought to light an extremely interesting state of affairs in that institution. In the leading article of the next issue "Sweetness and Light in Pittsburgh," Raymond F. Howes, a former teacher at the University of Pittsburgh, describes the results of Chancellor Bowman's attempt to merge industry and education in a sky-scraper university. Something, unfortunately, seems to have gone wrong with Dr. Bowman's experiment in "practical idealism."

RIGHT OR WRONG, believe it or not, fifty million Frenchmen are learning to spend money. Such, at least, is the claim of Alvan F. Sanborn, an American journalist long a resident of France. In "The Empty French Stocking" Mr. Sanborn discusses the breakdown of the traditional French policy of thrift.

WE HAVE OFTEN WONDERED to what extent the allegiance of our foreign born citizens must necessarily be divided. In "Half An American" Stoyan Christowe supplies the answer. Although Mr. Christowe has long been an American citizen he does not think that complete assimilation can take place in one generation. Mr. Christowe is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

THE FIFTH INSTALMENT of Mrs. Springer's "According to the Flesh" tells the story of Mrs. Eddy's break with Richard Kennedy in the period preceding the publication of "Science and Health." It is interesting to note that the entrance of the doctrine of demonology into Mrs. Eddy's teaching coincides exactly with her angry repudiation of her favorite disciple.

grasping an idea unless it is converted into a platitude or a joke or a maxim? Where, with the exception of the simple-minded Eugene O'Neill, is our thinking dramatist to rank beside Shaw and Hauptmann, Porto-Riche and Pirandello? It is not irrelevant to answer these questions by the statement that America must accept the absolute aesthetic verity that pearls have no value for the swine, symphonies no beauty for the ass and philosophy no meaning for the ape.

The masses themselves are after all the chief sufferers from the sentimental democratic ideal which would grant them artistic equality. The brazen falsity of the life presented to suit their taste must make its mark on their consciousness, must have its influence on their spiritual and intellectual development. The flattering portraits they see of themselves in the pages of the pandering magazines promptly atrophy any impulses toward self-improvement and create an impenetrable self-complacency, just as the invariable success of their fictional counterparts stifles any true ambition and substitutes a debilitating dream life. Our clerks and mechanics and farmhands find their kin in the thousand incarnations of the humble hero who lives happily ever after acquiring both his master's business and his comely daughter; our shop-girls and housewives are equally gratified to see the procession of Cinderellas who inevitably achieve their hearts' desire. Thus they live in a state of obscene optimism expecting momentarily that turn of good fortune which is as impossible as it is undeserved and seeking, meanwhile, wish fulfilment in the magazines.

It would be gratifying to point out in conclusion some counteracting agency in American life which, Odysseus-like, will tear the people away from their lotus flowers. But, unfortunately, there is none. No one who is aware of the facts expects the popular periodicals to improve or to change their ways. They differ from the few magazines which are immune to these charges precisely in the fact that they have come into being in response to the desires of the many rather than in harmony with the ideals of a few. They are established on a business basis and expected to yield an income on the investment in the same way that automobile factories and coal mines do. The editors are chosen neither for their social doctrines nor for their literary enthusiasms but for their ability to build circulation until it can command the highest advertising rates. These editors naturally turn to the most reliable method of winning public favor without regard for the character and effects of the elements of popular appeal. That these elements constitute an opiate drugging our masses and poisoning our literature is far less persuasive than that, like most narcotics, they are demanded in constantly increasing doses.—At present there seems to be no antidote.

As Dr. Wilson Sees It

(Continued from Page 491)

mates seventy-five per cent of the House and Senate membership today. There is no explanation for such an increase in dry representation except that active opposition to the prohibition law has made no headway among the voters back home. Congress is seventy-five per cent dry because seventy-five per cent of the Congressional districts are dry.

Moreover, there has been distinctly noticeable a revulsion against wet propaganda. It was a strategic mistake for the wet organizations to allow their spokesmen to assail the Constitution itself, to imply that the government was a tyranny, to say that citizens may choose what laws they care to obey. It was a mistake for them to deny the right of a majority to establish policies and to expect them to be accepted. Millions became restive under that kind of propaganda and finally became irritable—a fact which, I think, the wet groups are coming to realize.

Q—Do you think that increasing the alcoholic content fixed in the Volstead Act would help or hurt enforcement?

A—It would hurt. It would inevitably restore all the evils of which the country, through enactment of the dry laws, desired to be rid. For instance, the liquor bill would be as great as ever it was. Our economic prosperity would not survive. Divert $5,000,000,000 from other trades to the liquor business, and the merchants dealing in dry goods, groceries, other necessities and luxuries would soon be in distress. Wine and beer would themselves cause a great deal of drunkenness. Inevitably they would act as "teasers" to send the drinker in search of bootleg stuff of stronger alcoholic content.

Q—What is your opinion of killings by enforcement agents? Are they ever justified?

A—The killing of any man, even of a criminal of the worst character, is deplorable. However, dry agents and others engaged in enforcement work should receive exactly the same instructions issued to other police officers. It

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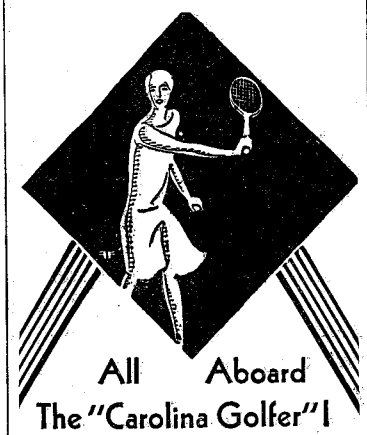

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must be remembered that the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, and exportation of intoxicating liquors is now a practical felony and it has been the custom for officers to prevent commission of a felonious crime by whatever force is necessary.

The bootlegger himself is engaged in the destruction of life, since none can long remain in the illicit traffic without causing the death of innocent human beings. Most tragedies have been directly due to bootleggers' efforts to kill an officer, as when cars proceeding at high speed attempt to crowd motorcycle officers off the road, or when they make use of noxious gases to obscure the highway and seriously endanger the lives of pursuers. A careful study of the records shows that casualties among criminals have been exceedingly few, in proportion to the dangerous work devolving upon prohibition officers.

Q—Do you favor a law which would make the purchaser of liquor a criminal?

A—The Sheppard amendment to penalize those who conspire against the United States in dealing with bootleggers is just and logical. Anti-prohibition propaganda has caused general misapprehension of the moral offense involved in aiding and abetting criminals. Too many people think lightly of such transactions. That state of mind, I believe, should be remedied by statutory recognition of its innate disloyalty. The proposed law would have an excellent moral effect, aside from its usefulness as an instrument of policy.

It is particularly necessary because of the blatant boastings of certain wealthy men who have told of their transactions with bootleggers. Though these men owe a debt of gratitude to the government which has protected them in their wealth and homes, they seem unwilling to make even a slight sacrifice to co-operate against criminality. In fact, some are openly active in their hostility.

Q—Don't you think such a measure would make it difficult to obtain convictions of all forms of violations?

A—I do not think so. It has been the custom in many criminal prosecutions to grant immunity to witnesses. Also, the government would have the same latitude in its general prosecuting policy that it has now. The chief effort, naturally, would be expended in the direction of greatest possible achievement, and the new law would be used for that purpose.

Why We Need Lobbies

(Continued from Page 493)

"They represent every phase of our national life both on the economic and on the welfare side. They constitute a vast ferment toward conscious co-operation. They have become a part of the very fabric of American life. While some of them engage in highly objectionable attempts to wrongfully influence public opinion and the action of the government, the majority of them recognize a responsibility to the public as well as to themselves, and a large number of them are founded solely on public interest. Wherever these associations undertake high public purposes, I wish to see active co-operation by the Government with them."

A very considerable degree of co-operation does exist between associations and the government. The relationship of Senator Bingham to the manufacturers' association of his state, has revealed to what an unjustifiable extent this may in fact proceed. On the other hand there are many close contacts between organized groups and federal departments that result in much good mutually and to the public generally. For example, at present working with the Department of Commerce there are eighty-five advisory committees composed of business men and officers of trade associations. Such contacts have been found useful because of the many points at which governmental activity touches the citizen upon non-political matters. It is desirable that there be a spokesman for interests other than the purely political.

At any rate a thorough investigation of the lobby can be nothing but desirable. It may drive a few rogues from Washington but it will not affect the many lobbyists who have nothing to hide. On the contrary it may designate the sphere within which the lobby may helpfully and legitimately function. It may accord the lobby official recognition by means of regulatory legislation. At the very least the present investigation is fully justified if it results in a wider public recognition of the part that organized social and economic forces are playing in the federal government.

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 511)

a gorgeous story. ☙ ☙ ☙ We've been reading some more thrillers. *The Dartmouth Murders*[22] concerns deaths of two undergrads into whose cerebella steel pins are mysteriously driven. Well written and sufficiently baffling. ☙ ☙ ☙ The reason for the *Murder at the Inn*,[23] and the others that followed it, seemed flimsy to us, but we didn't care because we like the detective, Col. Gore, and because that night at the inn, what with drunks and corpses and dying men and escaped loonies and beautiful ladies was full of excitement. Introduction of descendant of the famous murderer, Hare, is clever, and adds horror and touch of reality. ☙ ☙ ☙ Poggioli, psychologist and amateur crime detector, has a no. of cases to solve in *Clues of the Caribbees*,[24] and succeeds by luck and clumsiness. West Indian atmosphere well presented and if author cared less for spoofing he might have produced some good yarns. ☙ ☙ ☙ A bang-up detective story is *The Secret of the Flames*,[25] in which mystery envelops old Vibart, cremated in his own study, his granddaughter, who didn't yell "Fire!" and his servant, Cobb, who vanished, to say nothing of that merry old sleuth, Jerningham. Too leisurely at times, but gets an A plus just the same. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Poison in a Garden Suburb*[26]: husband of beautiful lady croaks abruptly at garden party. Evidence shows several people's pockets full of strychnine. Old friend Inspector Wilson displays usual acumen in nailing murderer. Baffling, well written, exciting. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Poison Plague*[27]: Entire city baffled by long series cyanide murderers. How was poison administered? Prof. Brierly finds out. Perfectly simple once you know how. Congratulate us: we guessed it right off.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

22. By Clifford Orr: Farrar & Rhinehart, $2.00.
23. By Lynn Brock: Harpers, $2.00.
24. By T. S. Stribling: Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.
25. By Ralph Rodd: MacVeagh, $2.00.
26. By G. D. & H. M. Cole: Payson & Clarke, $2.00.
27. By W. Levinrew: McBride, $2.00.

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